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AN ALMOST FATAL MISTAKE.

HOW THE CHIVALROUS JIM McSNIFTER, "THE CAVORTIN' CATACLASM OF CALAVERAS CANYON AND LONG-RANGED ROARER FROM DEVIL'S RIVER," CAME TO SCARE A DUDE IN A NEW YORK BOARDING-HOUSE.

Texas Siftings.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

ALWAYS in liquor—U and I.

COURT in banc—sparking a female teller.

IT takes a Derrick to raise a laugh in Oil City.

LAUGHING stock—the one worn by a low comedian.

COLLARS in Queen Elizabeth's time were ruff on the neck.

A SUGAR-BOWL—sweet girl exercising in a bowling-alley.

BREWERIES never care for a water front; it is a beer front they want.

WHEN Columbus first appeared upon the stage he made his egg-sit.

NO SIGN that a man is a wrestler because he can throw a somersault.

WEATHER-VAIN—the weather prophet, when he hits it in his predictions.

MANY a man is ready to raise an objection who couldn't raise a cent.

"BAD cooking makes criminals," says a writer. And they in turn cook up jobs.

BOSTON wants a medal struck for John L. Sullivan. Why not let John strike it?

A NEW YORK policeman is like Dr. Sam Johnson, he loves a "clubable" man.

SOME men complain bitterly of jail fare, and yet go back there soon after being released.

IT is the man who peddles a biography of himself who takes his Life in his own hands.

ONE half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and it doesn't care particularly.

THERE is a city in Ireland that should be popular with men who tipple privately—Sligo.

HAVING nearly laid out his rival, Cyrus W. Field, Jay Gould is hunting new Fields to conquer.

THEY have an earthquake in Java every two weeks. Wonder that a cup of Java ever gets an opportunity to settle.

A GOOD time for farmers to get in their hay is when it rains pitchforks, if there isn't any other shelter handy.

THE next morning after an Austin minister had preached against the National sin there was a universal exchange of umbrellas.

"FIRE in two hotels" is a heading to a news item in the New York Sun. The warm, open winter has made a fire hardly necessary in any hotel.

THE Harlem Democratic Club celebrated the birthday of Jefferson on April 2. Oughtn't the birthday of Billy Florence to be remembered, too?

THE UNIVERSAL EMPLOYMENT.

AS we journey on life's road,
Let us each reform our neighbor.
All the trouble thus bestowed
Will become a loving labor.

For no gratitude we'll find,
Not in words, nor yet in money,
But unthankfulness of mind,
Vinegar, where should be honey.

Nor is reason far to seek,
Not but that reform is needed--
Not but that the words we speak
Should be heard, and should be heeded.

But our neighbor is intent
On a work that may not slumber.
He's reforming men, and meant
To count us among the number!

E. L. CARSON.

RAISING OTHER PROGENY.

We often read remarkable stories of motherless squirrels and rats being raised by sympathetic female cats, but in Tarrant county, Texas, an eagle raised a young pig that weighed over forty pounds. A short time previous the same eagle raised a small lamb. The eagle's wings measured nearly eight feet from tip to tip.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AS A FAMILY MAN.

A daughter of Brigham Young, in the North American Review for March, describes "Family Life Among the Mormons." She speaks of the tender attachment her father had for his fifty-six children—thirty-one girls and twenty-five boys—and how careful he was about their deportment and education. Having had few educational advantages himself when young, he determined that his children should not lack in that regard. It must have been a pleasing sight to see those fifty-six children going hand in hand to school together in the morning, with bright, shiny faces, and hear the neighbors say, "How well-behaved Youngses children are." Brigham was very proud of them, too. He instructed his twenty-five boys in manly sports, and was often seen romping with his thirty-one little girls, while their various and heterogeneous mothers looked admiringly on. He was very fond of music, Brigham was, and he had a great deal of it, from the cradle—fifty-six cradles in all. He was a natural musician and a fine bass singer. He had "deep chest notes"—secured by bond and mortgage and kept in a deep chest, I suppose. He bought pianos and organs for the children, and employed teachers, which accounts for the difficulty landlords had in finding tenants for dwellings in the vicinity of the Young mansion. Brigham had a peculiar way of ringing the bell for prayers, according to this narrative. There was a ting-tang about it that nobody could imitate, and they could always tell when the old man was home by the sound of the bell which summoned the fifty-six children to their devotions. Father young was very exacting regarding both morning and evening prayer, and was much offended if a single one of the fifty-six amens was silent. When the girls grew up, beaux began to hover around. Brigham was very particular about their character and antecedents. He objected to any young man courting more than half a dozen of his girls at a time, seeming desirous of making his thirty-one girls go as far as possible. He looked into the parlor often when there was company around, and if he found the lamp turned down the least bit he stalked in with haughty dignity and turned it up again, the mean old thing! For a man who had courted so repeatedly and persistently as Brigham, he ought to have been more liberal and complacent.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY THREATENED.

The indignation expressed by some New York papers over the proposition to transform Liberty Island, where Bartholdi's statue of Liberty stands, into a station for immigrants, is in isingular contrast to the apathy displayed by others. In fact, two or three papers actually endorse the shameful measure. The fact is, the New York press can never forgive the World for having raised the pedestal fund which rendered the erection of the statue possible, and that is at the bottom of the whole affair. Those envious editors would rejoice to see the statue removed, as a rebuke to the World for its patriotic efforts in fund raising. Anything to beat the World. But the people of New York are a unit in opposition to Secretary Windom's odious scheme to degrade the statue which a sister Republic sent us, "dedicated," as Mr. Depew said in his dedicatory speech, "to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world." The statue may not be the highest representation of the art statuesque—though it stands pretty high, too—but France presented it to us in a generous and sympathetic spirit—emblem of that international friendship and communion which began with Washington and Lafayette — and we accepted it in the spirit in which it was given. The government became its protector, its guardian; and in support of its own dignity it owes the Goddess hospitable and pleasing surroundings. And now to make her a mere finger post to denote where immigrant sheds are located—to illuminate with her sacred torch the place where the dirty and oppressed of all nations may land, is disgusting to all instincts of propriety, and a veritable insult to France. Let the people of New York raise so loud a protest that it may reach the dull ears at Washington.

People seem to be a little surprised to learn through the Court Inquiry that has been going on at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that punishments are inflicted on board our naval vessels to maintain discipline. In what other manner can the rough, reckless and dangerous that often constitute the crew be kept from open mutiny? These punishments should not be unmercifully cruel or dangerous to life, but they must be severe or they would have no reproving effect. Those who condemn punishment at sea ought to take a cruise on a man of war once.

WHY THEY COULDN'T FIND HIM.

JUDGE (to policeman)—You say this man has not left New York, and yet the detectives have been hunting for him for the past three months.

POLICEMAN—Yes, Your Honor, but it's no wonder they couldn't find him. He was employed at the office of the World's Fair Committee. Nobody ever goes there.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HUMORIST.

H, I'm funny! I was born funny. In the very first round of the battle of life I came up smiling, and ever since the idea has haunted these premises that I was destined to become a prime mover to hilarity and a general source of cachinnatory ebullition. Not a mere practical joker or over-night paragrapher, mind ye, but a refined, delicate, mauve-colored humorist, such as the world sighs for, but seldom gets. How well I have fulfilled this destiny is proven by the scars my wan but interesting countenance bears and by the privilege most people take of slapping me forcefully on the back, to remind me that I have said or done nothing funny for five-sixths of a minute. That cantankerous, splenetic and hypochondriac fellow who went by the name of Byron and who wanted to be a boy again, never had my sympathy. Who wants to be a boy more than once? What are the pleasures of cellar-doors, whipping-tops and taffy candy compared to the distractions of the multiplication table, the maternal slipper and the paternal wrath? I am led to all this moralizing because the stupendous funniness of my boyhood so pervades my memory, that I would not live it over again for the wealth of Golconda or any other tin mine that does not pay a dividend. Yes, I grew so funny in my daily intercourse with my teachers, my playmates and my guardians that I know not by what miracle I have survived the cuffs and kicks I was subjected to. I have gone through playing Indian and "hooky," have braved many a whipping for an hour's sojourn at a base-ball fence, have blacked the bonny eye of our neighbor's darling boy, and encountered more accidents by flood and field than even Othello lied about, and, like any other fool, am still alive and liable to be sought out by a life insurance agent.

That I was funny at college I know, because ere I had delved long in the mysteries of *amo*, *amare* and HO_2, I was sent home to the bosom of my family with the statement that I was too good to be wasted at the shrine of learning. How glad I was! Just think of the years I might have wasted in the pursuit of syllogisms and Greek roots! What's a Bachelor of Arts to an understanding unburdened by foreign tongues and philosophical dead-wood, anyhow?

And so I entered a newspaper office. Here at least my fun was appreciated. Day by day I created scintillating flashes of humor, those sparkling waves of mirth, that made the proor-reader roar and the managing editor to sit on me, until I was as necessary to the establishment as the circulation - swearer or the "Constant Reader." And though the profits of my humor will not permit me to commit matrimony and keeps me to my "fifth-floor-back," I am happy compared to a worrying millionaire or a banker under suspicion.

One thing alone mars the serenity of my daily life—the necessity of being funny at all times, no matter what assails me. Be funny despite dyspepsia, despite a tailor's bill, despite a rheumatic leg! And what shall a man do when a Junoesque miss refers to your reputation as a funny man, and with pleading eyes asks you to tell a funny story!

"Enough for the present," as the boy said who took paregoric for the first time. Let no man write my epitaph; I'll write it myself, and it will be the funniest yet!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

The Rise and Fall of the Cowboy.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

Hindostan was infested for a long time by an association of robbers and murderers known as Thugs. They made pillage and butchery a profession and gloried in it. Their custom was to attach themselves to traveling parties, with whom they would journey for days, conversing socially upon the popular topics of the day, and doing little acts of kindness to help along, until they found a favorable opportunity for dispatching them, which they did with neatness and dispatch. After robbing the bodies they did not leave them by the wayside, as many thoughtless and inconsiderate murderers do, but gave them a neat though hasty burial.

Thugs were a very pious class of men. They professed to be directed in all their proceedings by auguries vouchsafed by the goddess Kali. Through a singular coincidence she guided them to parties where there was most booty and the least likelihood of successful resistance. Caravans strongly guarded Kali didn't seem to know much about, and if she did mention them casually it was in a contemptuous manner, probably, implying that the swag (Hindostanee for blunt) was too insignificant for a Thug to bother himself about.

We are told that some particular classes were exempt from the attack of Thugs. What classes they were I do not know, but imagine that they were soldiers heavily armed, newspaper men traveling on a pass, and stranded theatrical companies footing it home.

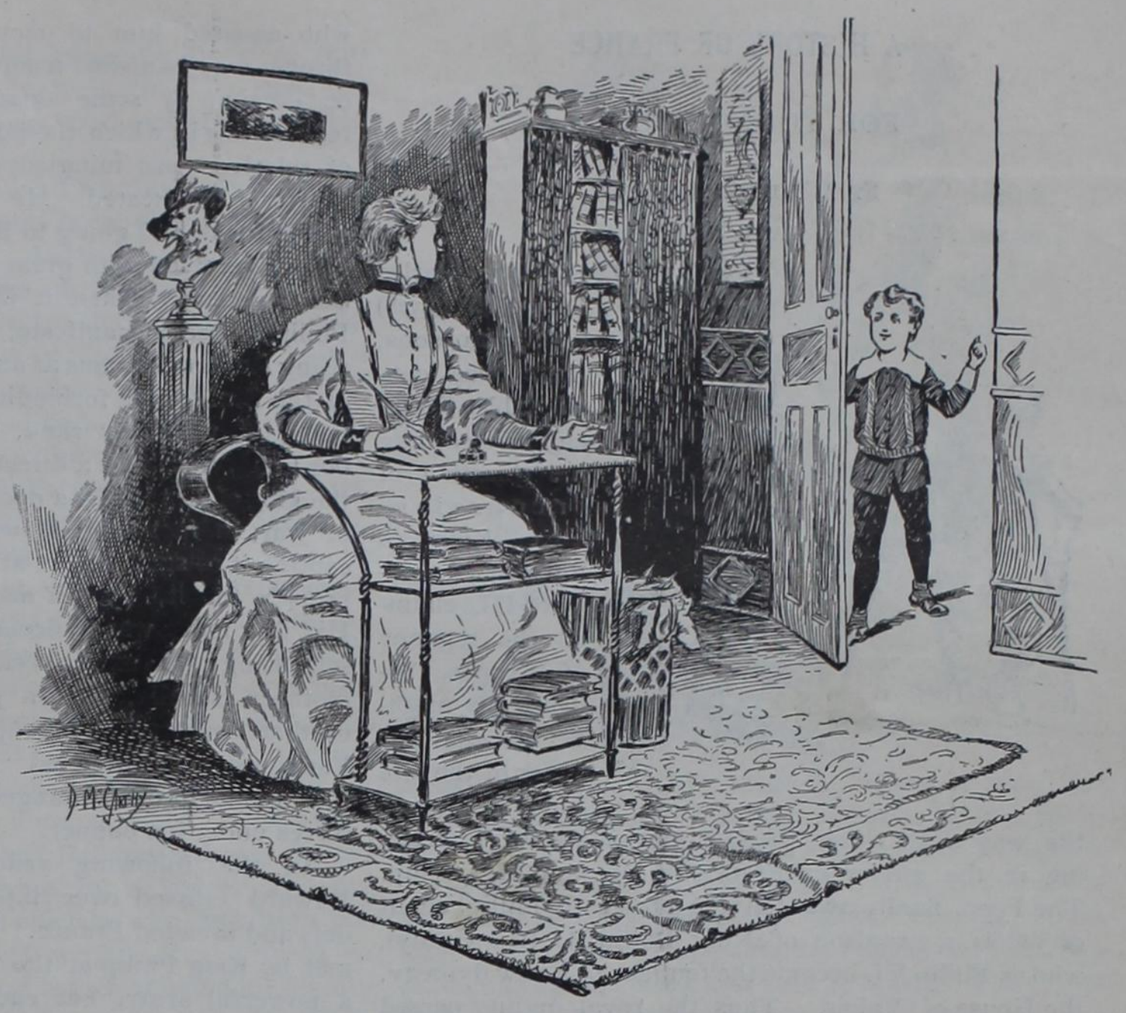
Some years ago the English government undertook the business of exterminating the Thugs, and few remain at this writing. They offered a reward for Thugs dead or alive, and they were generally brought in dead, and no questions were asked how they came so. The most active exterminator of Thugs was the man who, having accumulated a competency by thugging had retired from the business. He knew their habits and where to find them.

When a Thug was killed in this way his relatives never thought of getting up a big funeral or holding a wake. They didn't insert long obituary notices in the newspapers with "Chicago papers please copy and send bill;" nor did they brag what a good man he was and assert that he had gone straight to paradise. They knew better than that. Nor did they swear to kill the man who slew him; nor threaten the Governor who offered the reward; for wicked as they were the Thugs of India had sense. They realized that when a man launched out as a Thug he arrayed himself against the entire world, and took his life in his own hands.

The Thugs did a very good business considering their opportunities, but of course there were no banks to rob on those arid plains or railroad trains to hold up.

A.—What is medicinal wine?

B.—I am not sure, but I think it is a sort of wine that makes the man who drinks it send for a doctor.



PREACHING VS. PRACTICE.

LITERARY LADY. (She writes)—"The most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be truthful ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that of truth."

TOMMY—Ma, Mrs. Jones is coming in the gate.

LITERARY LADY (angrily)—If she asks for me, tell her I'm out of town. (She resumes writing)—"When we in any way deceive a child we not only set a pernicious example, but also lose our influence over him forever."

AMONG THE FOUR HUNDRED.

The next great event among the Four Hundred is the approaching nuptials of Gen. Ten-Million and Miss Jeunesse Pauvre, which, by a happy coincidence, will occur on the sixteenth birthday of the charming bride. Needless to say the Four Hundred is all agog with impatience. Considerable apprehension has been caused by the rumor that a wound received by Gen. Ten-Million during the war of 1812 had broken out afresh and was causing him much trouble, but this has proved to be a low canard started by a bad form paper, and all will surely go merry as a marriage bell. (Rawther neat, that, don't you think?)

The preparations so far announced are as follows: Mr. St. Clair Ten-Million, grandson of the bridegroom, will act as best man. Among the ushers will be Mr. Ellsworth Jeunesse, the young and handsome uncle of the bride, and other well known men-about-town. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. Allforfee, assisted by the Rev. Mr. De Style.

VINCENT YORK.

Some people imagine that the German Emperor cannot get along without Bismarck. But the world goes right along, whether a great man dies or simply resigns. The loss is never irreparable.

Irrepressible Conflict between the Irish washerwoman and the Chinese laundryman.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXII.

WHEN Charles IV. died (1328) leaving no sons, there was considerable difficulty in settling the question of succession. The King of England, Edward III., claimed the regency of France, because his mother, Isabella, was sister of the late king. That was the way with those English kings, always interfering in the affairs of France on account of kinship. The Peers finally awarded the crown to Philip, count of Valois, a grandson of King Philip III. (the Hardy), who as Philip VI. became the founder of a new dynasty, the House of Valois. Thus the royal dignity passed from the direct descendants of Hugh Capet, who had transmitted it from father to son through a period of 340 years, to the collateral line of the House of Valois.

Philip was thirty-five when he became king. He was ambitious to do something to render his name illustrious, so he promptly responded to an appeal from a brother potentate in Flanders to assist in putting down some of his rebellious subjects. Such little civilities often pass between potentates– they have to be neighborly. Should any of you, *mes chers petits enfants*, ever become a potentate, treat your brother potentates with consideration and do them a good turn whenever you can.

Philip won a great battle over the revolting Flemings, and was so elated by it that he concluded to humble England a little. So he haughtily summoned King Edward to come over to France and pay feudal homage to him, on account of holding a province in France subject to the French crown, the duchy of Guienne. As Edward wasn't prepared for war just then he considered it prudent to comply with Philip's command. He crossed the channel and did homage to the king of France at Amiens, though it must have Gaul'd him a good deal to do it. He secretly promised his Council of State, however, to get even for it. When one king bows the knee to another potentate there is bound to be a reckoning some day. With Edward of England the opportunity soon came.

Robert of Artois, a brother-in-law of Philip, and who assisted him to mount the throne, was banished from France on account of some financial irregularities in which the poisoning of relatives was mingled, and his property confiscated. He blamed Philip for it, and going to England he was received with great distinction at court. Then it was that Philip issued a manifesto, stigmatizing Robert of Artois as an enemy of the State, and forbidding anybody, of whatever rank, to harbor him. This was a direct slap at the king of England—a declaration of war, in fact—and Edward accepting it as such, began at once to prepare for it, by sea and land. His first move was to declare himself King of France, because his mother, Isabella, was a princess of that country. Thereupon the Flemings acknowledged him as their feudal lord, and ranged themselves under his banner.

In the following year (1329) Edward crossed over into Flanders and invaded France. He was met by King Philip at the head of a powerful army, but each hesitated to attack the other. Philip was very superstitious, and an astrologer had warned him never to attack the English when led by the king in person. Edward, too, had seen the moon or something that looked like it, over his left shoulder, and he was averse to giving battle. Nothing definite occurred until the following year, when a great naval engagement took place between the French and English fleets, resulting in a disastrous defeat of the former, nearly the entire French fleet falling into the hands of the English. It was this great battle that established the supremacy of England upon the sea, which she has ever since maintained.

I cannot go into all the details of the long continued war between Edward and Philip, *mes bons enfants*, but will pass on to the memorable battle of Crécy, which was fought on the 26th of August, 1346. It was at Crécy that the young Prince of Wales, known as Edward the Black Prince, distinguished himself so greatly. I don't approve of boys fighting, as a general thing, but when they do I like to see them pitch in as though they meant it. Young Edward, who was but sixteen years of age, was called the Black Prince because he had sworn to wear nothing but black armor and vestments until he had won a victory over the French. In the battle of Crécy, this prince finding himself hard pressed by the enemy, sent to entreat his father to support him with the reserves. But the king, who watched the battle from a wind-mill contiguous to the field, declined to do so, saying, "Let the boy win his spurs."

No young warrior of France was allowed to wear spurs in those days until he had gained distinction on the field of battle. But the Black Prince won his spurs at Crécy, where the French met with a tremendous defeat. Philip barely escaped from the field with his life. It was at Crécy that cannon were employed for the first time, by the English, greatly to the surprise and discomfiture of the French, who had never heard of such a weapon. They imagined that the English had in some manner harnessed the thunder to their use in battle, and when the cannon thundered they ran like lightning, as the saying is.

Edward, pursuing his advantage, next marched upon and captured the city of Calais, on the English Channel, which was held subject to the English crown for more than two hundred years. A truce was then declared and Edward returned to England.

Battle of Crécy, where cannon were first employed. Consternation of the French.

THE SECRET IN PAINTING.

MRS. ARTLESS—Good morning, Mr. Palette. I've but a moment to spare; can you tell me briefly the secret of your art?

ARTIST PALETTE—Certainly, madame. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right spot.

MRS. ARTLESS—Oh, I see. Thank you, very much.

THAT BLESSED JURY SYSTEM.

The Americans seem to have inherited from their English ancestors an absurd admiration for time-honored and fossilized institutions, which have in a great measure outlived their usefulness, and which require immediate repair or modification if they are still to be used in these days of modern improvement and progress.

One of these antiquated institutions is the petty jury, to alter or modify which, would, in the opinion of many otherwise sane persons, cause the national fabric to totter to its very foundation. To merely suggest a few modifications is to shock the general public, and yet, if there is any one institution in this world that needs repairs it is the jury system.

The verdict in the Cronin case is an illustration of the danger and absurdity of putting it in the power of one mule-headed crank, or worse, to block the wheels of justice. Why should a jury be unanimous? Unanimity is not required in any other tribunal. No wonder the popular impression is that justice in this country is meted out in strawberry boxes.

The truth is that trial by jury has become a subject for scoffing and merriment. Under the best of circumstances, the jury system is crude and unreliable, but what makes things worse is the material of which juries are composed. Mr. Nye, who was made to serve on a jury, gives a very good description of the make-up of the average jury. He says:

"We had a Polander, who couldn't speak a word of English; a deaf man from Oshkosh, and a half-witted cuss from Blue Island. There was a one-eyed man from the rhubarbs of the town, who had to be waked up with a chair for meals. There was also a Norwegian on the jury who hadn't been in this country very long, and who didn't know a verdict from a porous plaster."

It very often happens that the juryman who sleeps through the whole trial and awakes and listens to the charge of the judge is the only safe man of the twelve; he knows something. The other eleven are only fuddled with the evidence, and are liable to bring in almost any kind of a verdict.

THE MAYOR AND HIS OFFICE.

ESTIMATING the population of New York City at 1,200,000, which is probably fair, and taking the proportion of voters at one to three, the probability is that 399,957 voters here would be perfectly willing, not to say delighted, to be elected Mayor of the city. This estimate allows the liberal margin of forty-three intelligent citizens who realize what it really means to be Mayor. Out of these forty-three the present incumbent of the office would count for, say thirty-eight. That leaves five other voters who would not accept the office. This statement may seem extravagant, but let it go. Maybe there are not so many.

Yet the intelligent citizen who will investigate the matter without prejudice will readily come to the conclusion that the salary of the Mayor, in order to be even half-way adequate to the duties and cares of his office, ought to be several million dollars a minute. The city does not pay as much as that.

In the first place, he has to spend his time, or a good portion of it, in the City Hall, and that of itself is a partial equivalent of penal servitude. It is accounted in New York "flat burglary as ever was committed," to disparage the City Hall. It is a building which has come down as a legacy to us from a generation that didn't know any more than to build the back of it of brown stone, thinking the city would never be built up behind it, and the people are proud of it because it is old (for America) and because it is the only municipal building that has any pretensions whatever to architectural beauty. It has a handsome front, and is perhaps a natural enough resort for the professional politician. For, aside from its front, there is nothing to recommend it. Inside it is dark and always dirty, with inconvenient divisions into small, out-o'-the-way rooms, and totally inadequate halls and corridors. In the centre is a ridiculous circular stairway that looks as if it would whirl 'round like the swing in a squirrel's cage, while the balusters, like the front doors, look like those of a prison.

These corridors swarm with loafers, "heelers," "bum politicians," as they are affectionately called by their constituents, and even with aldermen. The air is always bad and seems to reek with political filth. It is probably nothing but natural mould, tobacco juice and the fragrant breaths of the people that stand around the halls that produce the effect, but you'd think, naturally, that it was politics.

The Mayor has to stay in this building from ten to four o'clock every day. His wages are not docked when he stays away for a day or two, but as a matter of fact those citizens who succeed in being elected Mayor are generally public-spirited enough to attend to their business pretty assiduously. He has to go in through the same nasty corridor that other citizens use, but he gets into his own room through an intricate little labyrinth called a private entrance. It is private to the extent of being used only by the Mayor, the newspaper reporters, the office-holders down to the grade of alderman, and by such politicians and other great men as have influence with the administration.

In the Waiting-Room.

The rest of the public must enter through two small ante-rooms. Here there are always two or three policemen guarding the way, and generally three or four more loungers whiling away their time by smoking, chewing tobacco, and talking ward politics or telling stories.

The inner room is large, and handsome in a sort of sombre, matter-of-fact way. It is well lighted, well ventilated and well heated. In the winter a large grate-fire makes a cheerful picture on the west side of the room. The furniture (of desks, chairs and tables only) is substantial and handsome enough but by no means elegant, as office furniture of this age goes.

In this room the Mayor attends to the most of the duties of his office. He is, ex officio, chairman of various boards that manage different municipal matters, such as the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which decides, yearly, how much money shall be allowed to each department of the city government. The meetings of these boards are nearly all held in the Mayor's office. He presides, taking part in the discussions with more or less vigor and ability, according to his personality. Mr. Grant, the present Mayor, has surprised his friends and his foes alike, by the display of knowledge and force which he has made. Not all Mayors of New York have done as well. I remember one who was brow-beaten and bullyragged and flouted once to the limit of endurance by a lawyer who appeared as counsel for some officials who had been impeached. Even a Mayor will wriggle if you tread on him too hard, and this one at length asserted his dignity to the extent of ordering the lawyer out of the office. The lawyer refused to go. The Mayor ordered the two policemen in attendance to eject him. The lawyer defied the policemen and continued his harangue. The Mayor thereupon walked to the window and looked out in silence till the lawyer finished what he had to say. It is difficult to imagine a lawyer attempting to brow-beat Mayor Grant in his office, but it is not difficult to imagine what would happen after the Mayor told him to leave the room. He would leave. He might perish in the attempt to remain, and they might have to sweep him up in small fragments and carry him out in dust-pans, but he would go out. And the Mayor wouldn't be looking out of the window.

But board-meetings and trials of impeached officials do not constitute all the employment of the Mayor. He has to sign thousands and thousands of papers; and listen to all sorts of charges against all sorts of people; and marry eccentric people who don't think clergymen good enough, or don't feel like paying for the job; and hold consultations with the heads of his departments; and attend to an enormous correspondence; and be interviewed one hundred and fifty-eight times a day by the reporters; and, worst of all, to talk to about seventy-five thousand cranks who call and tell him what to do.

And at four o'clock he is glad to cut stick through his private hall and go off up town where he can sit down by himself and think about the pleasant days of his past, before he went into politics.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

The Mayor performing the Marriage Ceremony.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE COYOTE.

This animal is a resident of the Western plains, and is considered by old plainsmen as the "meanest cuss that ever run." The coyote has no special business; he is a great loafer, and is not above stealing if he gets a chance. The only thing that the coyote is noted for is his running abilities; in that particular he is a Bachelor of Arts. There is nothing that the coyote appears to enjoy more than a running match with an ambitious dog who has not learned the ropes. The dog starts after him in good faith, confident that he can catch the strange beast and chew him until he howls. The coyote strikes a gentle lope, frequently looking back over his shoulder to see how the dog is coming on, keeping just far enough ahead of the dog to make him think that he will have him in the next twenty-five yards; the dog nearly pulls himself in two trying to run faster. When the coyote thinks that he has had fun enough he gives a jump or two and the dog is alone, tired out and quite a distance from home.

The coyote is an arrant coward of the dog species—such a thorough sneak that it cannot be tamed sufficiently to be trusted; its natural propensities will show themselves even if it be kept in a brown-stone front dog-house tied with a silver chain to a golden collar. The coyote is no doubt a disgrace to the animal kingdom, but its prototype can be found among the lords of creation—human coyotes.

E. R. C.

A LOST CHILD.

GRAFTON—I hear that Algy Baboony has gone away with an actress.

WIGGINS—H'm! The way I heard it, Fred, it seemed that the actress had got away with Algy!

Husband—I really believe that my rheumatism has entirely disappeared.

Wife—Well, I hope it will not stay away for good, as then we will have to buy a barometer to find out when it is going to rain.

A PHRENOLOGICAL ANALYSIS.

EAR SIFTINGS: There is something in phrenology.

A charming young lady acquaintance of mine who has made its study a hobby has convinced me of that. At her request I permitted the large section of my anatomy that contains my massive brain to come under her phrenological eye and touch, and from the very first moment that her fairy fingers began to toy with the curls that cluster about my broad white brow I was pleased and interested.

The fact that she is an exceptionally pretty girl may have had something to do with these pleasurable sensations, for I must confess that I am not wholly averse to feminine loveliness.

I managed to conceal my annoyance at her opening remark, "You have such a splendid head and such an intelligent face that I have always longed to subject you to a phrenological examination."

I assured her that my head and all that it contained were at her disposal, and was only restrained from giving her a deed of general warranty to my heart by happening to remember that my wife was present with two chilled-steel glitters, one in each eye.

My wife is a very unpleasant person at times—but that's a family secret.

"Your habits are sedentary," commenced my fair friend, as she rapidly passed her hands with, as I fancied, a somewhat caressing touch, through my locks. "Your temper is strong vital-motive, and your love of conviviality and good fellowship is almost a passion."

"Quite right," interpolated my wife, icily.

"Your head measurement is much above the average," continued the young lady. "Your skull is thin, and the texture of your brain unusually fine."

I was sorry to hear about the thinness of my skull, because occasionally my wife—but that's another family secret.

"You have mental characteristics that should distinguish you among men in any walk in life."

"Humph!" snorted my better half.

"Language is unusually well developed, and this with your appreciation of the sublime and your poetic ideality should make you an orator if there were some great cause to draw out this latent power and move you to action."

"Move him to action, indeed!" snapped my wife. "He wouldn't move if he thought the house would tumble down on him."

I could not help but admire the placidity with which the fair professor of bumpology ignored these irritating interruptions. As for myself—well, I'm the silent partner of the firm, and I allowed the ladies to monopolize the conversation.

"You have a fair knowledge of figures but you are in no sense a mathematician."

"Well, I should say not! He expects me to pay weekly expenses of twenty dollars out of fifteen and have a dollar a day left to hand out to him to fritter away," pleasantly remarked my better half.

"Color is largely developed—"

"In his nose, yes."

"As is, also, tune."

"You must have heard his early morning rendition of 'Woong'ometil'morn'n.'"

"You have a magnificent memory—"

"Didn't know his own name last night."

"And your locality and time are abnormally large."

"Never finds his way home alone, and asked me at 3 o'clock this morning if dinner was pretty near ready."

"Your conceptive faculties are large. You do not see with other men's eyes—"

"You'd better believe he doesn't while I'm around. I can do all the necessary eye work for this family."

"You look through and around everything brought before your mind—"

"Especially any work that he ought to do. He looks through and around it pretty thoroughly, and that's all he does do."

"Your temper is quick and destructive."

My wife's only comment on this was a startlingly audible gritting of the teeth that made me wince.

"Your sympathy and charity are large, leading you to look upon all races of men as united by one common brotherhood."

"That accounts for his being brought home the other day by a Jew peddler and a negro hand-express-man."

"The one serious defect in your character is a lack of will power and a want of persistency. No matter what position you may be in—"

"He will be fired in less than three months."

"You treat the other sex with chivalric courtesy."

At this I could not help but glance up at the charming young creature with a tender smile, and murmur gently:

"How well, oh how well, you read me."

"And how well, oh, how well I read you, you moon-eyed calf," ejaculated my wife. Then turning to the young lady she said with the utmost sweetness:

"And now, my dear, I hope you will excuse him. I'm going to take him home and put him to bed. He got loose last night and wandered around with the boys until morning, and that accounts for his big head."

"Let me smooth his hair before you go. See how I've mussed it," pleaded the young lady.

"You needn't worry about that; I'll comb his head for him when I get him home," muttered my wife ominously.

Of course I went with her. I'm not the kind of man to let a lady go out after night alone even if I am married to her.

CORT.

A MYSTERY IN THE OVERFLOWED DISTRICT.

FIRST DARKEY—I'se de tallest niggah in four counties. You is a little bit of a niggah, and you sticks outen de water moah den I do. How de debble am dat?

SECOND DARKEY—Heah! heah! I'se standin' on a house.

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

It is generally understood that when an author contemplates writing a book he gives the subject deep and continuous thought before putting his pen to paper. He reads all the works he can find that treat upon the matter in hand, and revolves it in his mind both day and night.

Take Noah Webster, author of Webster's Dictionary, how long and deeply must he have pondered before commencing his task. It might seem to the unthinking that almost anybody could write a dictionary, there being no necessity for sticking to one subject very long, but it had its difficulties. Noah began with the letter A, of course. He put down all the words beginning with that letter that he could think of. Then perhaps he made up little parties of his friends, cunningly introducing as an evening diversion a game which required every one present to write down any peculiar words he could recall that began with A. Then another letter was taken up, and so on. In this way quite a vocabulary was secured, though the exercise must have grown monotonous to his friends.

As Webster's work progressed and he advanced from letter to letter, how interesting it must have become to him. Such freshness; such romance. The A's completed, he dived in among the B's, hiving all that he could find, not always coming off without a sting—from the critics. Then he finds himself overwhelmed in C's of trouble, which wring from him big, big D's further along, although he could afterwards take his E's if he wanted to.

Webster had words with his publisher continually, for he was a thrifty man and close in his dealings. His handwriting was none of the best, and printers used to dam his I's before they got to them, and call him a blooming J. This occurred frequently in the L-M-N-tary part of the work, Q-riously enough. A printer will do this standing right at his K's, even if it reduces the amount of his M's.

Webster was a good many years getting up his play (upon words), and yet, notwithstanding the work was so voluminous, he introduce but twenty-six characters, known collectively as the English alphabet. Though taciturn in conversation, he was a man of more words than any other American author.

SPORTING ITEM.

One of the fads introduced into this country is for hunting. In pursuing the evasive anise-seed bag the hunters frequently ride rough-shod over the pumpkin vines of the humble rustic.

The farmers of Essex county have read the Riot Act to the reckless pursuers of noble sport. They have issued a pronunciamento in which they intimate that they will ventilate with slugs the shapely anatomies of the members of the Essex County Club if they have another fox hunt in that vicinity.

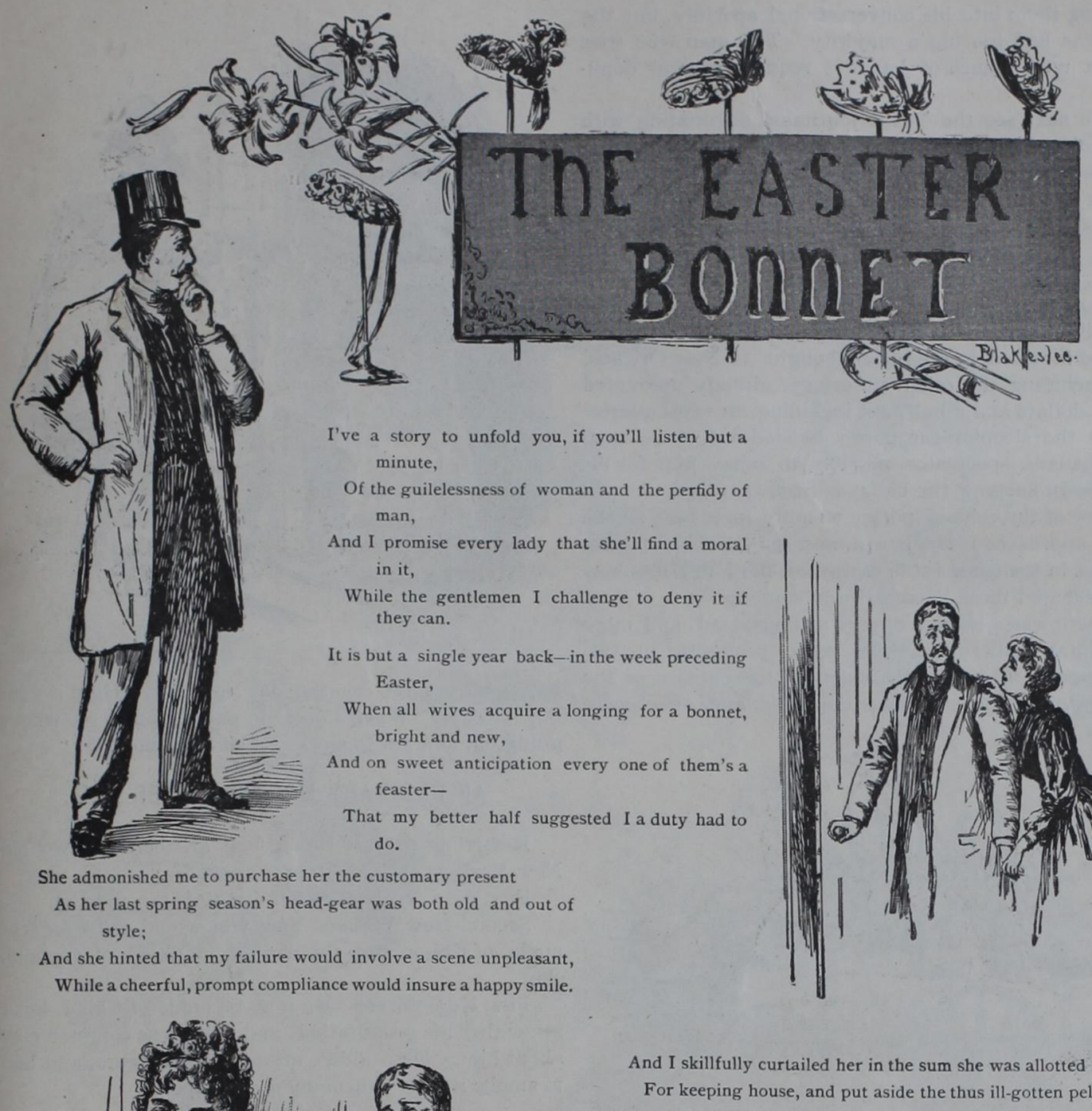
A certain hunter went out to hunt grizzlies, and his friends have been hunting for him ever since. Compared with the irate Essex county farmer, the grizzly bear is amiable and harmless.

Let the fox-hunter beware.

There should be a statute to protect Bartholdi's statue.

THE SAND-BAGGER FOILED.

A Texas Siftings artist has invented the above boiler-plate overcoat, to wear at night on the streets of New York.



I've a story to unfold you, if you'll listen but a
minute,
Of the guilelessness of woman and the perfidy of
man,
And I promise every lady that she'll find a moral
in it,
While the gentlemen I challenge to deny it if
they can.

It is but a single year back—in the week preceding
Easter,
When all wives acquire a longing for a bonnet,
bright and new,
And on sweet anticipation every one of them's a
feaster—
That my better half suggested I a duty had to
do.

She admonished me to purchase her the customary present
As her last spring season's head-gear was both old and out of
style;
And she hinted that my failure would involve a scene unpleasant,
While a cheerful, prompt compliance would insure a happy smile.

I remember, too, how artfully I schemed, and planned and plot-
ted,
How to husband my finances without any cost to self,
And I skillfully curtailed her in the sum she was allotted
For keeping house, and put aside the thus ill-gotten pelf.

Then I wandered through the stores and bought a cheap, three-
dollar bonnet
With feathers, birds, and ribbons stuck and twisted all around,
But I cunningly had fixed a fifteen-dollar label on it
And hoped that my munificence my darling would astound.

And, apparently unconscious of the presence of that label
I took my wife the bonnet with the hope that it would please,
So I told her as I laid the dainty box upon the table,
"Here is just a little trifle, dear, your longing to appease."

I daresay she thought me foolish for spending so much money,
But she never said a word about extravagance at all;
How many wives are taken in by tactics just as funny!
How many husband's presents cost a sum so very small!

JOHN S. GREY.

SAVED BY A DOG.

About four thousand anecdotes have been published under the above title, in which dogs have figured in preserving human life. We had a dog once noted for saving things, but there wasn't a life among them. He kept the things he saved under the summer kitchen, and his hiding place wasn't discovered for a long time; not, indeed, until it became necessary to tear up the kitchen floor to find a good place to deposit some chloride of lime during a cholera season; then we found what had been "saved by a dog."

There were a couple of kittens, a cat, two or three rats and a chicken, all very dead; a large assortment of bones, the remnants of an ottoman, for the theft of which the best hired girl we ever had was discharged; a tomato can, a couple of teaspoons, a torn volume of Hoyle's games, an old hoopskirt, a canary bird, a nutmeg grater, a plaster of paris pigeon and a cook book. It is rarely that there is so much saved by a dog, for they are generally improvident.

A DAY AT NIAGARA FALLS.

BY COL. TWEED.

Niagara Falls rushes, leaps and thunders, and otherwise makes a great adieu in falling over a precipice. I believe it would not make more noise or look more terrible running up grade, yet it continues to do this perfectly natural act with so much unaccountable eclat that persons from every civilized country come to see it and invent adjectives in describing it.

The accommodation halted sufficiently for me to plunge into a pile of baggage and orange crates, and then stopped about a mile below the depot for passengers. Two stout gentlemen in possession of a large valise of relices covered the distance in the shortest possible time, and succeeded in placing their baggage over the rear rail; while the enraged Niagara relic hunters cast their refrigerating glances into the rear door where the brakeman and conductor were bringing an exciting chess game to a close.

I first gazed upon the thundering torrents while tightly elbowed between two guides, who raked their vocabulary fore and aft for terms that their forefathers wore threadbare. One of them stated that he was conscious of having a conscience that was conscientious. The other stated in a friendly way, that the real beauty of the falls consisted in knowing where to station yourself and pocket-book.

I was then driven to my hotel by a cabman who changed his politics several times en route to accommodate his passengers.

At the hotel I met Mr. Sedson. At 12:50 the clerk asked us to take the elevators and prepare for dinner. Mr. Sedson did not care to take anything just before dinner, but modestly remarked that he would see him again.

We retired to our respective rooms. Upon touching the bell knob it came off and rolled around the room several times. I felt very gloomy over the prospects and looked out of the window to see if it was a possibility to launch a fire escape. An urchin from below informed me that I had better pay my bill and not try that game, but if I was really determined to jump, "buy a box and go over the falls" and get my name in the paper without cost.

I then went down to dinner. After reading what little English there was mixed in with the language of France, I motioned to a rigid waiter, who looked much like a plaster of paris image trying to enjoy the scenery, to come a little nearer. He finally consented to do so. I then requested him to read the want column in English, but he utterly failed to do so. I then told him frankly that I wanted something English for dinner. Soon a boy returned with about twenty-five cents worth of pie-stand mementoes, which, evidently, had been out many times before as C. O. Dables. I asked the boy if the cook was sick? "Been dead three years!" I then hurried from the room and explained the matter to the clerk. He was sure that I had been overfed. I then rushed to the door just as a policeman was passing. He said a mighty good dog, half blood Spaniel, had been run over, and one policeman could not attend to everything.

When I arrived at the depot I lost no time in securing a seat. As the train started a two hundred and fifty pounds pugilist, still nervous from the effects of twenty-four rounds in the forenoon, wanted to know if I wanted the whole seat. I immediately apologized for my existence and was taking a rapid inventory of my thoughts when a sickly looking female, who, evidently, had been a patent medicine experimental station for some years, in possession of two babies, whose voices made the swish of the lightning express sound like the far off lullaby of a summer's breeze, stopped opposite me. I immediately became the subject of such remarks as: "unfeeling wretch," "degraded manhood personified." Gathering up my scattered baggage, I retired to the smoker, where for the next seventy miles I was engaged in keeping bitter thoughts to myself, and, at the same time had my delicate lungs smoked with home-grown tobacco.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

A.—Smith seems to me to be a fool. Everybody swindles him.

B.—Do you know Mrs. Smith?

A.—No.

B.—Well, if you did, you would say Smith so far from being a fool is one of the shrewed fellows of the town.

WHY BROWN DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

Brown—I can't lend you a dollar. I don't know you.

Stranger—What, you don't know me? Why, my name is continually in the papers.

Brown—Maybe so, but I never read the police reports.

THEY MET BY CHANCE.

Col. Yerger—What's the matter with you? Your clothes are all torn and your face is all scarred up.

Sam Johnsing—Nuffin', boss, nuffin' wuff speakin' of. I jus' had a little chat wid my fust and only lub, what I met for de fust time since I married Swayback Lucy.

Girl (weeping)—I'm so sorry you have to go on the road again. It almost breaks my heart.

Drummer—Don't cry, Fanny, I'll manage to pick up another girl somewhere.

HE TOOK HER AT HER WORD.

WIFE—What! Drunk again? You ought to crawl into a hole in the ground and hide yourself.

HUSBAND—Thatsh sho, my dear. Give me key to the wine shellar.

A SPECULATION IN BANANAS.

FROM the columns of the Austin, Texas, Vorwaerts, the facts in the following narration are gleaned.

Not long ago, a great German *Saengerfest* was held in New Orleans. At this celebration were music-loving Germans from all parts of Texas, and Austin, the capital of Texas, was worthily represented. Among the "sing-brothers," as the German amateur vocalists call each other, was Col. Julius Schuetze, the editor of that remarkably live German paper, the Texas Vorwaerts.

When Col. Schuetze was about to take the train with the other "sing-brothers," his family said to him: "Bring us a bunch of bananas from New Orleans. They only cost fifty cents a bunch there, while here we have to pay five cents apiece."

Late in the afternoon of the day before he left New Orleans to return to Austin, Col. Scheutze remembered the promise and straightway proceeded to purchase a large bunch of bananas from a dago on Canal street. When the Texas editor and vocalist undertook to carry the bunch of bananas back to his hotel, he discovered that he had bitten off more than he could conveniently masticate. Fortunately, another sing-brother named Beck, from San Antonio, happened along just then, and between them they removed the bananas to the hotel, where the fruit was hushed to rest in a room until next morning, when it was discovered that the cuticle of the bananas on one side of the bunch had become discolored, and in a number of instances peritonitis had already set in.

It is the custom of the bunch of bananas in its wild state to roost on a pole, or a hook, while engaged in slumber. It never sleeps on its side, as that position inteferes with its circulation.

The transportation of the bunch of bananas, which, by the way, cost a dollar and a half, was accompanied with unexpected difficulties. The Texas journalist on his way to the depot was encumbered by a large grip-sack and a flask of bait in case he should be bitten by a sea serpent, so he was obliged to utilize a one-horse delivery wagon. But for the bananas he could have taken a street car to the depot at an outlay of five cents. The colored Jehu, when he was interrogated as to what the damage was, responded, with a grin that was suggestive of a missing longitudinal slice out of a large watermelon, "two dollahs, Capting." Besides

the suffering incident to being reduced to the rank of captain, Col. Schuetze had to also carry with him a suspicion that he had been swindled. The bananas were beginning to be very valuable.

When Col. Schuetze undertook to insert himself and the bananas into a car, the conductor mildly imparted the information that the train was not a freight train; at all events, the fruit would have to go into the baggage car. At this stage of the proceedings Col. Schuetze and another dollar parted company.

At Houston, Texas, there were some more transfer charges and German profanity, and the now thoroughly desperate man was seen wrenching off the bananas and shoving them into his conversational aperture, but the bananas had too big a majority. The man who tries to eat up a bunch of bananas requires several deputies.

We next see the Texas journalist negotiating with the colored sleeping-car porter. Still another dollar severed its connection with the now justly exasperated owner of the fruit. The colored gentleman said: "Hit's agin' de rules, sah, but just tote dem bananers roun' to de oder side ob de train and I'll see if I kin made de necessary derangements." It was at Houston that the Colonel discovered that the local price for a similar bunch of bananas was only one dollar. The capital invested in the bunch bought at New Orleans, not including the other sufferings, already amounted to six dollars and a half, not including an extra quarter which the sleeping-car porter twisted out of the amateur banana speculator, possibly to repay him for his trouble in keeping the bananas from spoiling. As the equator of the colored porter steadily increased as the train approached Hemstead, and as the bananas decreased in the same ratio, it was not hard to guess how he prevented those bananas from spoiling.

There was a change of cars at Hemstead, and more incidental bribery, likewise more profanity in two languages. The discolorations on the cuticles of the bananas had now become epidemic, and they were

dropping off continually. This, however, was a positive advantage, as it enabled Col. Schuetze to save the expense of hiring a wagon to remove the cheap bananas to his residence, for only a few lonely bananas hung on the parent stem when the train arrived at Austin. As there were in the first place one hundred and fifty bananas on the bunch, and as the original cost, plus the expense of lubricating sleeping-car porters, drivers of express wagons, *et. als*, swelled the amount to eight dollars and sixty-five cents, the question arises, how much did each surviving banana cost? and how long will the Austin fruit dealers be able to compete with the editor of Texas Vorwaerts. Luckily for the fruit dealers, Saengerfests do not occur more frequently than once a year.

Moral—It is very difficult to break up even as small a monopoly as the banana trust.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

AN OBSERVING DARKEY.

A Southern planter hired a colored man and put him in his field to work. After a little the planter came to the colored man and asked him:

"Did you see a coach pass along the road a while ago?"

"Indeed I did, boss. One ob de hosses was a gray hoss and de odder hoss was a roan, and lame in his off leg."

"Did you see those hunters that were over there to the left?"

"Indeed I did, boss. One ob dem was Kurnel Jones; he was de tall one. De second one was Major Peters, and de third one was Tom McSnifter. Kurnel Jones had one ob dose new-fangled breech-loading guns, what breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over a while ago?"

"Yes, indeed I did, boss. Dar was nineteen ob 'em, and dey lit in an old corn-field down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a

man who is hired by the day to work. Here is your day's wages. When I want to pay a man to see what's going on, and not to work, I'll let you know."

AN ORDINARY MORTAL, AFTER ALL.

Referring to the New York aristocracy, two old New Yorkers exchanged reminiscences.

First New Yorker—What airs Snobson puts on.

Second New Yorker—Yes; you would think he was made of China and the rest of mankind of common clay.

First New Yorker—He may be made of China, but I remember his grandfather, and there was common clay about him. He couldn't afford to buy cigars, and had to smoke a little old common clay pipe.

ON AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

Mrs. Shoddy—I have just had a letter from my daughter. She is buying her trousseau in Europe.

Mrs. Snide—Oh, that's nothing; my daughter is going to buy her husband in Europe.

Mrs. Shoddy—Ahem! My daughter's trousseau will be entirely new, while your daughter's husband will probably be a second-hand one, like the Duke of Marlborough or Prince Murat.

ALLOWING TIME FOR ITS GROWTH.

BABOONY—Aw, I've heard, barbaw, that beards were a protection against colds. Would you advise me to waise one?

BARBER—Why, sir, do you expect next summer is going to be chilly, sir?

WHAT SPRING BRINGS FORTH.

MISS WEDDERBURNE'S ACCOMPANIST.

IT WAS AT a meeting of a certain literary society in the city of Washington. Philip Downes, journalist, of New York, was present as escort to his friend Miss Margaret Faunce, a very bright young woman of literary tendencies. A distinguished scientist had read a long and learned paper.

A general movement and buzz of conversation followed its conclusion, suddenly checked by the announcement thas Miss Wedderburne was to sing. A tall young woman in a black velvet gown was being escorted to the piano, a great opulent white creature with a remarkable quantity of ruddy hair drawn up and massed at the top of her head; an oval, low-browed face with curved lips, and heavy-lidded eyes that might have been any color. That was Miss Wedderburne.

Her gown was *décolleté* to a degree to make one shiver, accentuating as only black velvet can the superb curves, the warm whiteness of her shoulders; the long wrinkled black gloves could not conceal the perfectness of her drooping arms, and on her bosom glowed, lived, almost moved and breathed, a mass of singularly splendid orchids. No wonder that every eye followed her slow unfluttered movements; no wonder that breathless silence fell upon those present.

Following in the wake of this goddess went a young man—pale, dark-haired, sullen-faced. No one noticed him, that is, no one except Downes, whose eyes, after one prolonged complex stare at Miss Wedderburne, happened to fall upon the young man who followed her and took his seat quietly at the piano.

"Who is the man at the piano?" asked Downes abruptly a moment later.

"Oh, he is nobody: that is, nobody in particular—just Miss Wedderburne's accompanist," Miss Faunce replied.

"A professional musician?"

"No, I think not. A department clerk, or something of that kind."

"And his name?"

Miss Faunce raised her eyebrows in surprise. So much curiosity concerning a nobody!

"His name? Oh, it's a French name—Dieudonné—he is from New Orleans. He always plays Miss Wedderburne's accompaniments. She says no one else can play them as he does."

The young man at the piano struck a few chords. Downes said no more. His position was near the piano. He could see little more than the profile of the singer, but the full face of Dieudonné was toward him. He did not take his eyes from it once during the song. Something in its intense pallor, the lowering gloom of the brow and eyes chained his attention. Without being handsome, it was the face of a man all fire, feeling, strung to one chord—passion. The intellectual brow was united to a weak beautiful mouth and chin—and these to a frail, insignificant body. Downes listened to the voice of the singer with his eyes on the player, as one might watch a patient under the surgeon's knife.

The song was Rubenstein's "Asra." Perhaps when the master composed it he had in his mind such a woman as Honora Wedderburne, and such a singer. It was not that her voice was in itself perfect, combining the depth and richness of the contralto with the limpid sweetness of the soprano, it was not that it had been well trained—just enough and no more—it was rather because the singer sang without the slightest effort, and as if the words and music had sprung that moment from her own brain and heart. Standing motionless, with her hands clasped and hanging before her, her beautiful chin slightly raised, her eyelids drooping, the girl opened her lips and sang, as though it were the merest act of breathing. It was more than a musical performance—it was drama, tragedy.

One saw the wondrous sultan's daughter standing by the flashing waters, and the pale young slave, growing ever paler and paler. One saw the woman as she went to him, and heard her hurried whisper, and his answer. It was a marvelous performance. As the last note died away, there was silence. No one dreamed of applauding, but as Miss Wedderburne would have left the piano there was a simultaneous murmer, an outcry of protest.

"She will not sing again," said Miss Faunce to Philip Downes. "No earthly power can ever induce her to sing twice. She knows what she is about—does Miss Wedderburne!"

Downes did not appear to hear this remark. He was not looking at the young woman who had worked the spell, but at the young man who had risen from the piano-stool, and was standing back, unnoticed, except as before, by Downes. His head was hanging slightly, but from under his heavy overhanging brows a hungry, jealous, adoring look was fixed upon Miss Wedderburne where she stood surrounded. One of his hands clutched the back of a chair, so tightly that the fingernails were purple. Downes saw all this, nodding his head, as if in answer to some inward suggestion. He smiled under his mustache too, not at all mirthfully.

"Well!" said Miss Faunce, looking up at him, triumph in her glance, "now what have you to say? Has New York anything like that?"

"No," answered Downes frankly, "it would be hard to find Miss Wedderburne's match anywhere on earth, I fancy."

Then, after a pause during which his eyes had not left the singer's face, he said:

"It was really a unique performance—that song. No one can *learn* to sing that way—it is like the boy's whistling in school. She doesn't sing—it just 'sings itself.' Tell me about her. Who is she?"

"Oh, one of those lucky creatures who are born to power, and get their own way without any effort of their own. She is from Alabama—not rich, but well born, and, it is rumored, about to marry a New York banker. And that is all I will tell you until you have taken me out for something to eat, abstracted man! I had no time to dine, and I am famishing!"

As Downes started to offer his arm to Miss Faunce, he stole one more glance at Dieudonné. Anything like the blanched whiteness of his face no one had ever seen among the living.

"*Täglich ward er bleich und bleicher!*" muttered Downes.

"What is that?" asked Miss Faunce, taking his arm.

"I was remarking," said Downes affably, "that when one is suffering from mental collapse occasioned by too prolonged intellectual exertion, a mushroom patty, washed down by a glass of genuine pale sherry, is an excellent thing."

"You were remarking no such thing," said Miss Faunce with pretended severity.

On their crowded way to the dining-room they passed close to Miss Wedderburne, who was also arm in arm with an elderly and dazed worshiper. Dieudonné had glided up to her, touching her arm lightly. She turned toward him.

"Shall you need me again?" Downes heard him ask.

"No, I thank you. I shall not sing again to-night."

Both question and answer were as simple and conventional as possible; yet Downes, trained to alertness and keenness of vision, and perhaps too ready to jump at conclusions, fancied he detected an intelligent glance passing from under Miss Wedderburne's heavy white lids into the sombre eyes of Dieudonné. A moment later he saw the latter slip, still unnoticed, out of the house.

It was past midnight when Miss Wedderburne reached her house in company with Miss Thorne, an elderly an distant relative who was always her companion, when the demands of society required that she should have one. She, with an infirm mother, formed the household, which in spite of narrow resources was in some ingenious way kept up to a desirable point of elegance, if not of actual ease and comfort.

As they entered the dimly lighted hall, the portière of the drawing-room door moved a little, as if by a draught of wind.

"Go right up, Josephine," said Miss Wedderburne to her companion, languidly. "I will come soon. I think Mr. Dieudonné wants to see about something we are to practice to-morrow."

Miss Thorne passed on up the stairs, and Miss Wedderburne pushed the portiére aside and went into the drawing-room.

"Theodore!" she said reproachfully. "Why will you do so?"

But she quailed a little when Dieudonné's white face and blazing eyes came close to hers. He made no effort at self-control—from head to foot he was quivering and shaking. He seized both her hands, from which she had slipped the long black gloves.

"Honora!" he gasped. "Honora, I heard it again to-night—that you are going to marry John Brentford. I must know the truth—I *will* know it—and from your mouth. Tell me—is it true, that report, or not?"

He held her hands so tightly that she almost cried out with pain. His pale face and glittering eyes were close to hers. For one moment she returned his glance.

"No," she said, firmly. No, it is not true. Oh, you hurt me so!"

"I am a fiend—a brute!" cried Dieudonné, loosing his hold and covering her arms with kisses. "Honora! Honora! What am I going to? What shall be the end of this? You are mine. You belong to me by every right, and can never belong to any other! You love me! You *love me*, but how will it end?"

A curious change had come over the girl; all the haughtiness and hardness vanished from her face and manner. A smile all sweetness came to her mouth, her eyes were like Dieudonné's now, suffused and glowing. She put up her arms and gathered his head to her breast.

"All endings are sad, miserable," she whispered. "Let us not think of them, Is it not enough that we are here, together; that we love? That the world knows nothing and need know nothing, only makes it dearer and sweeter."

"But it *should* know," groaned Dieudonné, in anguish. "Oh! why can I not do something fine and great, something to make me worthy of you? Why am I what I am—a little poet, a little musician, a little painter—a lover to hide, to blush for! Oh, my God, give me some power! Show me a way! I shall become mad, mad, before long, if I am not to succeed! Power! Power! That is what I pray God for on my knees, half the night. Power of some kind! Honora! Honora!"

"*This* is your power," whispered the girl, keeping her lips close to his, "to make me love you! and *this* is the way—this, and this! There is no other."

"And it shall not end," he answered, suddenly conqnered by her tenderness. "You have said it a thousand times, and I say it: '*Enden? Enden soll es nie!*' I will keep on working. Sometimes I feel that there is power in me, that I shall write that poem yet," he went on, half-laughing, devouring her with his eyes. "With you as my inspiration how can I fail to do it? Honora, wait for me! If I should lose you——! To-night when you sang, I saw myself lying dead at your feet—and you did not seem to care!"

Honora Wedderburne sat before the fire in her room a long time after Dieudonné had left her. The hour she had spent with him had been full of intoxicating sweetness—it had left her faint and unstrung. An open letter was on her lap, the date was a recent one, the postmark, "New York." It was written in a bold hand. It began, "My dearest love." It ended, "Your husband soon, John Brentford."

After some time Miss Wedderburne put out the lamp and retired.

"After all," she said, as her head touched the great down pillow, "after all, his name is not Mahomet, he is not from Yeman, and he is not of the tribe of Asra. He will not die. He will live and bear it as other men and women do; as *I* must."

But it was of Dieudonné, and not of Brentford, that her last waking thought was, on that night, and many others yet to come.

A few days later among the society news both in Washington and New York journals was the announcement of the engagement of Honora Wedderburne to John Brentford; as both were well-known in the highest circles the item was of great interest to many people. The marriage was to take place soon.

Among others who read the announcement with interest was Philip Downes, again in New York, where he belonged. A little thrill of excitement ran along his nerves as he read it.

"Pleasant reading for Miss Wedderburn's accompanist, he said, half aloud.

He had never seen either the young woman or Dieudonné after that evening, yet having once got on the trail of a romance, Downes was not to be thrown off the scent.

"I shall wait the denouement with interest. If possible I must be in at the death." Then he shuddered at his own cynicism, which was not precisely real. "I must see that wedding," he added.

On the night of the day when the announcement of her engagement and approaching marriage appeared in the Washington dailies, Miss Wedderburne returned late from an evening party. She was alone, Miss Thorne being indisposed. As she entered the hall, she saw that the portière at the drawing-room door had been drawn aside somewhat, and a man was standing under the chandelier in the middle of the room. Only one flame, turned very low, was burning, but there was sufficient light to show that it was Dieudonné.

If the heart of the girl flinched, there was nothing of wavering or fear in her manner. She had expected some such encounter as this, and was prepared for it. It was wonderful to see her sweep into the room and place herself before Dieudonné. The fur mantle that she wore slipped to the floor and lay in a snowy mass about her feet. One hand and arm were bare, and on one finger blazed a ring that had not been seen there before this day. Dieudonné looked at her from head to foot, from foot to head again, with the look of a madman.

Stooping he pressed a long kiss upon the girl's shoulder.

"That," he said, "is for your love."

Then raising his hand he struck her across her cheek—a cruel, stinging blow.

"And *that*, is for the lies you have told me!" he hissed.

In a moment he had left the house.

Miss Wedderburne did not cry out, or move. She seemed turned to stone, to whitest marble, but for the red streak upon her cheek.

After some moments she drew a gasping breath, and, suddenly deprived of strength, sank upon the mass of fur, hiding her face, suffused with blushes, with hot tears, upon her hands.

* * * * * * *

The wedding was to take place in a month. A month passes quickly. Sometimes in the fever of preparation the thought of Dieudonné sent a burning rush of blood through all Honora's body. Since that frightful moment he had disappeared from her horizon. No one spoke of him to her; indeed no one troubled himself about him; he was not of the sort with whose goings or comings the world concerns itself. At first she had said to herself:

"After such an act, there is only one thing he can do—he must kill himself. It is the only possible solution."

Through the formless hope of such an escape from further consequences shot a pang of regret, a thrill of passionate reminiscence, even a slight remorse.

"It was a brutal thing to do," she said to herself frankly, a stinging blush overspreading her face at the remembrance of that shameful moment, "it was brutal; revolting. But it was my own fault. It was I who roused the brute in him, and drove him to madness. I deserved it! And how he loved me! No one ever will love me like that! He gave me the first fruits of his youth. Ah, Theodore! If you had had but a tenth of John Brentford's millions!"

Not a day that she did not scan the morning papers, with a shrinking fear, yet with something like a hideous hope, that she might read the record of Dieudonné's fate—found dead, drowned, left by the ebbing waters on the noisome marshes beneath the Long Bridge, or, perhaps, stretched upon the bed in his poor lodging with a bullet hole in his temple. He was mad enough for either act, for any act. But as days passed and nothing of the kind occurred, the haunting terror, the vague hope, died out. There was so much to do, so much to think of, that the past had little chance for the time.

The wedding was to take place in church, partly because Miss Wedderburne was a punctilious church woman, partly because as she said coolly, society to which she owed so much, should not be defrauded of its spectacle, and with only an invalid mother and an old maid cousin in the household there was no occasion for a reception at the house. Secretly she was moved by a desire to leave Washington as soon as possible after the ceremony—exactly why, she could not have said.

It was a magnificent spectacle, that wedding. John Brentford's millions had never stood him in better stead. He took great pride in the extraordinary preparations. His state of mind might be described as exultant. He was divided between joy at the thought of what a figure his wife would be in the world, and the sort of love a man is capable of feeling whose heart and soul have been the abiding places of low passion for a score of years. There was enough of genuine manhood left in him to make him, when in the presence of the superb young creature he was going to marry, somewhat regretful of his past. Not on moral grounds, but because he knew himself utterly incapable of a grand passion now.

"Why did I not find such a woman ten, fifteen years ago! How I could have loved her!"

This wedding was something destined to be more than a nine days' wonder. It took place in one of the oldest, most aristocratic of up town churches. The most famous organist in the United States was engaged for the music, a bishop performed the ceremony. Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, were called upon to furnish white roses, only white roses for the occasion. Chancel, altar, pulpit, choir, all a mass of white roses. In place of ribbons, garlands of white roses across the aisles; six little maidens in wonderful white costumes preceded the bridal party, scattering white roses before the feet of the bride, herself like a magnificent white rose. No one had ever seen a wedding, a bride, like this.

Nothing occurred to mar or interrupt the exquisite poetry of the thing. The beautiful service was read, amid ecstatic silence; never had it seemed so beautiful, so impressive. The organ breathed softly, then sent out jubilant swelling cadences. Over a thick carpet of snowy roses the bridal couple passed down the aisle, through the arched door-way, over the awning-covered pavement, always treading upon fragrant rose-petals, towards the carriage-door.

The crowd, inside the church, and outside on the pavement, was great. Several policemen found difficulty in keeping back the eager swarm of sensation hunters, to whom the interior was debarred. They were not altogether of "the unwashed." There were some respectably clad men, and women, too, among them, irresistibly attracted by the crowd and the carriages. Among them was a tall figure in traveling garb, Philip Downes, just arrived from New York, too late for the ceremony, not too late perhaps for the *dénouement* his fertile brain had imagined.

Half way down the covered walk the bridal pair stopped suddenly; a man had slipped unhindered from the crowd into the forbidden space; placing a revolver to his head he fired, and fell before the carriage door, his ghastly face and mad dark eyes turned full towards the bride.

Then ensued a moment of panic, cries, confusion; only a moment, for in an incredibly short time the police, assisted by Phillip Downes, had removed the body of the suicide, and it was already lost to sight in the surging crowd. Then, the way being clear, the newly wedded pair passed on, entered their carriage, and were swiftly driven away.

"What a shame," cried John Brentford indignantly, "that such a thing should be permitted to happen! It is an outrage! My poor Honora," he murmured tenderly, "are you much frightened, much shocked? No? How brave you are! What spendid nerve! Any other woman would have made a scene. My beautiful wife!"

A dead silence fell upon the two. Brentford watched his wife's face uneasily. It was as if a shadow had fallen upon their united lives, at the very threshold.

"Strange," he said, half aloud, "that that maniac should have chosen just that time and spot for his mad act!"

"Very strange!" said Mrs. Brentford in an apathetic voice.

Brentford eyed her furtively, a curious doubt, a suspicion, beginning to gnaw at his heart.

Suddenly as they passed a street lamp, Mrs. Brentford uttered a sharp cry, gathering in one hand the folds of the silken train that lay across her lap.

"What is it?" Brentford cried anxiously.

"Nothing! Nothing! I hurt my hand against a thorn."

She had seen in a momentary gleam of the lamp, the snowy border of the wedding robe all smeared with crimson stains.—JULIA SCHAYER, in The Epoch.

The Proper Time.

Smith—"What is the best season for popping the question?"

Jones—"I never knew that one season was any better than another."

"Oh! yes. And the best time to propose is during the open winter."

"During an open winter! Why so?"

"Because in an open winter you can't expect the beautiful's 'no.'"—Boston Courier.

Men's Fashion Notes.

A musical match-safe is among the latest agonies.

Emeralds are being revived for scarf pins, cuff buttons and fob chains.

Tailors all along the line report a growing demand for the double-breasted vest.

Underwear fashioned in club colors is shown for the benefit of athletic enthusiasts.

The half-box overcoat promises to be the favorite for the spring. It will be seen in a variety of fancy colors, such as fawn, mauve, light brown, electric blue, etc.

The puff scarf is showing a tendency to contraction rather than to expansion in size. Medium sizes are most favored. Although the puff is no longer considered swell in London, its grip on the American dude has not been slackened. The most fashionable neck dressing in London at the present time is the De Joinville scarf tied into an awkward knot.

Fancy colors in hats are dying out. For spring only the cheaper grades of hats, as a rule, will be seen in other than black and dark brown. The soft hat will dispute the right of way with the Derby, which has for several years had the call. —Exchange.

IN MEMORIAM.

By the death of Hon. Thomas J. Devine Texas loses one of her noblest sons.

Judge Devine died in San Antonio on the 16th of March, at the age 87 years. As a politician he enjoyed the esteem of his most bitter opponents; as a judge, he was able and fearless; he was a conscientious lawyer, and in all the social relations of life he was a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. Truly, the people of Western Texas, and of San Antonio, where he resided most of his life have occasion to mourn their loss. May he rest in peace. A. E. S.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.

HON. JOS. W. RICKERT, WATERLOO, ILL.

SENATOR 48TH DISTRICT ILLINOIS.

Jos. W. Rickert is of French and German parentage; was born July 9th, 1840, at Vicksburg, Miss. In 1845 his parents removed to Monroe county, Illinois, and settled upon a farm, in which county he still resides. In 1864, at the end of a collegiate course of six years, he graduated in the classical course at the St. Louis University, having adopted the profession of law.

His first official position was that of County Superintendent of Schools for a term of four years, and in 1874 he was elected a member of the twenty-ninth General Assembly of Illinois. From 1876 to 1884 he was the prosecuting attorney of his county, and in 1888 was elected for a term of four years State Senator from the Forty-eighth Senatorial District of Illinois. His legislative career has been marked by a careful attention to the welfare and interests of his constituents, and his party has found him true to its principles—a consistent Democrat from early manhood. He enjoys the enviable reputation of having never been defeated for any office to which he has aspired. His political success and social standing have been won by the force of his own indomitable energy. His literary attainments indicate an active and studious mind, characterized by a ripeness of scholarship and richness of classical allusions which do credit to the thoroughness of his studies.

The Age of Reason.

Mr. Chevy Chase—"I think I'll take that copy of the Society Scorpion home with me. I want to square myself with my wife."

Mr. Harry Hounds—"But why will that square you, as you put it, with Mrs. Chase?"

"Because there's an article in it pitching into Mrs. Busby."

"But is she down on Mrs. Busby?"

"Certainly she is. It was at Mrs. Busby's house that I met Mrs. Crasher."

"And what's the matter with Mrs. Crasher?"

"Why, it was Mrs. Crasher who committed the unpardonable sin. She told somebody, who told my wife, that it was a wonder to her that such a fascinating, agreeable man as Mr. Chase, meaning your humble servant, had remained single. Somehow, I never told her I was mraried. That's the reason Mrs. Chase will be glad to see Mrs. Busby roasted. If you were married, my boy, you'd know something about the subtleties of a woman's logic."—Puck.

Sunday Service Resumed.

Resumption of Sunday trips is announced by the Fall River Line. Steamers leave from the foot of Murray street at 5 P. M. every day in the week. Returning from Boston connecting steamboat train leaves week days at 6 P. M.; Sundays, 7 P. M.

The Pilgrim and Providence are now in service, the first mentioned vessel to be retired in favor of the Puritan, commencing April 1st.

Oriental Peoples.

One of the largest silk importers in China, says the Chicago Tribune, claims that the Chinese are a much superior race to the Japanese.

"I've lived in China for twenty years," said he, "and have had plenty of time to study the land and the people. The stories you hear about the Oriental countries are written by people who remain a short time and never take the trouble to substantiate any weird story or rumor, and it is to be expected that their writings should be unreliable. It is true that Japan has railroads, and many European and American industries cannot be found in China, but the latter country does not want nor need these latter-day improvements.

"The development in Japan is not due to the Japanese. These improvements were forced upon them by the Europeans and Americans. Railroads, mining and irrigating schemes, manufacturing industries, and impracticable enterprises are springing up like mushrooms in the land of the Mikado. Half of these ventures are not needed, and just as soon as this is discovered by the Japenese there will be a big collapse. They are jumping into civilization by the rapid transit line, and often that route is dangerous.

"On the other hand, the Chinese are slowly coming to the front. They are a conservative people, and use their thinking faculties more in an hour than do the Japanese all day. The Chinese well know that foreigners are imposing upon the Japanese, and they are awaiting the result. For years Englishmen have been trying to construct a railroad at Shanghai. It would be of no value. The surrounding country is so lined with canals or natural creeks that it now costs less to bring in silks and teas than it would if a railway was built. The Chinese argue that as they were civilized before Englishmen were on earth, they can get along now with the old methods of life, and they want no nation to furnish them with bright ideas."

Evolution of an Idea.

A couple of old salts met after a long absence and the following animated conversation ensued:

"Well, old man, how are you getting on?"

"First rate; I have taken a wife."

"A very sensible idea."

"Not a bit of it; she's a regular Tartar."

"Then I'm sorry for you, mate."

"There's no need; she brought me a large vessel as her marriage portion."

"Then you made a good bargain, after all?"

"Nothing to boast of, I can tell you; the ship turned out a worthless old tinder-box."

"Then I'm sorry I spoke."

"Bah! You can speak as much as you like! The old tub was well insured and went down on her first voyage."

"So you got the pull there, anyhow?"

"Not so much, mate; I only got 5,000 thalers out of the job as my share."

"That was too bad."

"Too bad? Nothing of the sort! Wife was on board and went down with the rest."—Zeitgeist.

A Clock to Order.

Visitor—"I understand that you have a new phonograph clock, which speaks the hours instead of striking them; and for an alarm it shouts 'Get up,' etc., in a loud voice."

Mr. Edison—"Yes; it is a great success."

"Well, I want one; but instead of saying 'Get up!' when rising time comes, I want it to yell 'Fire!' 'Murder!' 'Thieves!' etc. You see it's for the servant girl."—N. Y. Weekly.

Robert Mantel made quite a hit as Hamlet last week, in Troy, N. Y.

Frank Daniels, in Little Puck, still continues to draw large audiences at the New Park Theatre.

Pinafore is to have an elaborate revival at the Academy of Music after Denman Thompson leaves for London. J. C. Duff is to manage the enterprise.

H. Grattan Donnelly will produce his new farce, A Pair of Jacks, on April 5th, in Wilmington, Del. He has engaged an excellent company, and he is confident it will be a big go.

The ticket speculator, it is said, will soon be a thing of the past. A new system is coming into vogue. It has been tried at the Casino and seems to be a success. Purchasers of tickets instead of being given tickets are asked for their names and a numbered coupon is given them which is exchanged in the evening for their coupons.

Jefferson and Florence completed a highly successful engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Saturday last. Two weeks of The Rivals was hardly sufficient to satisfy New York play-goers who admire the highest slyle of artistic acting, but nevertheless the bill was changed last Monday to the Heir at Law. It would be impossible to say which play would have been the most popular had they been given a chance to enjoy a long run, but as the theatre was only leased for three weeks, the time was too limited to test either piece on its merits. A cast including such renowned artists as Jefferson, Florence, Mrs. John Drew, Viola Allen, Frederick Paulding, necessarily drew large houses throughout the entire engagement. Next week Natural Gas will be turned on for a brief trial.

The unctuous humor of Uncle Joshua, in the Old Homestead, now in its 109th week at the Academy, New York, still continues to convulse large audiences. The play's phenomenal run occasions no surprise when its many beauties are considered. Where, for instance, will we find a play, presenting as it does all the elements and customs of farm life with such a delicious blending. The lowing of the herds as they pass before us, the scent of fresh-mown hay, the soft purling of a sylvan stream as it gurgles on down the rocks before our very eyes, are all effects so naturally reproduced in the Old Homestead that we never realize until the fall of the curtain that it is only a play. A character quartette introduced in the last act is another new feature added to this singularly attractive entertainment.

The Knights of Tyburn, an intensely thrilling melodrama from the pen of D'Ennery, the author of the Two Orphans, is to have its initial production in this country at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York, on Monday, April 7th. The play was originally presented at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, in Paris, under the title of Chevaliers du Brouillard, where it achieved the greatest artistic and financial triumph of any play produced at that theatre during the past twenty-five years, and this, too, in the face of the fact that this theatre was the scene of the original productions of such successes as La Toska and Theodora. All of the original scenery, costumes and other effects used in the Parisian presentation have just been received by Mr. Alfred Godchaux, who, by special arrangement with M. Duquesnel, Director of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, will direct the tour of the play in this country. Manager Godchaux is determined that no aid which time, money, talent and art can lend to the successful representation of the piece shall be wanting in its New York production. Besides a powerful cast, a characteristic feature of the performance will be its wealth of scenery, which will include two marvels of scenic art—The Old London Bridge, and The Landing of Greenwich Wharf. The fact that the piece played 1,200 nights in the principal theatre in a critical city like Paris is forcible evidence of its power to appeal to the multitude. The engagement at Niblo's is for four weeks only.

The Cow.

The cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but it is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wiggles on hinges; so does her tail. The cow is bigger than the calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into the barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their little girls dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds and each finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows.—Small girl in the Hartford Times.

Information for Summer Home-Seekers.

The preparations for summer are going on actively on the large railroads, and suburban towns are making their best efforts to place their attractions before the thousands who, having made up their minds to go to the country, are trying to decide just which neighborhood will be the most to their taste.

The Erie Railway Passenger Department has already completed its publication, "Suburban Homes," a finely printed and illustrated volume giving the distances, rates of fare, peculiarities and advantages of the respective towns, character of soil, population, average values of lands and houses, etc., along its line. This publication is of the greatest convenience to the public, presenting to the readers, as it does, general information that could be secured in no other way, except at the expense of personal visits, physical impossibilities when the large territory is considered. The Erie Suburban Homes covers really four lines of railroads leading out of New York, extending into Hudson, Passaic and Bergen counties, N. J., and Rockland and Orange counties, N. Y. The facilities of the railroading of to-day make it convenient for those who are engaged in business in New York to live in the regions of the Palisades, the Oranges or the surrounding hills and valleys. The object of this publication is briefly and graphically to place these facts before the people. The book can be obtained at any of the Erie ticket offices for five cents.

Consolatory.

Wife (tenderly)—"Do you love me as much as ever, John?"

Husband (affectionately)—"Of course I do. More than ever, I should say."

Wife (carelessly)—"If I were to die would you marry again, darling?"

Husband (impatiently)—"Oh, what's the use of asking such foolish questions? Wait till you're dead first."—Boston Courier.

The New London Tower.

London is to have an Eiffel tower that will out-Eiffel Eiffel. It is to be 1,200 feet high, overtopping the wonder of Paris by 200 feet. The company has been formed, the stock subscribed, and the contracts are being let. Chicago will have an interest in the enterprise, as she did in the Eiffel tower, for the same elevator company is also to build the elevators for the new tower at London.

Estimates are now being prepared for that purpose. The fabulous profits from the Eiffel tower are a matter of notoriety. English capital, which is seeking investment throughout the world at present, was attracted by the golden opportunity of doing as well, if not better. London, with her own five millions and her hundreds of thousand visitors, could support a tower as well as Paris.

The president of the elevator company says: "The new tower in London will undoubtedly be built. We are now preparing estimates for the elevators. The tower will be 1,200 feet high, and will cost more, probably, than the Eiffel tower."

"How much will the elevators for the London tower cost?"

"The two we put in the Eiffel tower cost about $100,000 each. More than that I am unable to say."—Chicago News.

More Important to the Readers.

Foreman (whistling down the tube to the editor)—"One of these articles must be left out. There isn't room for both."

Editor—"What are they?"

Foreman—"Earthquake in Europe, fifty lives lost, and a piece about selling more papers in Quohosh than all the other dailies combined."

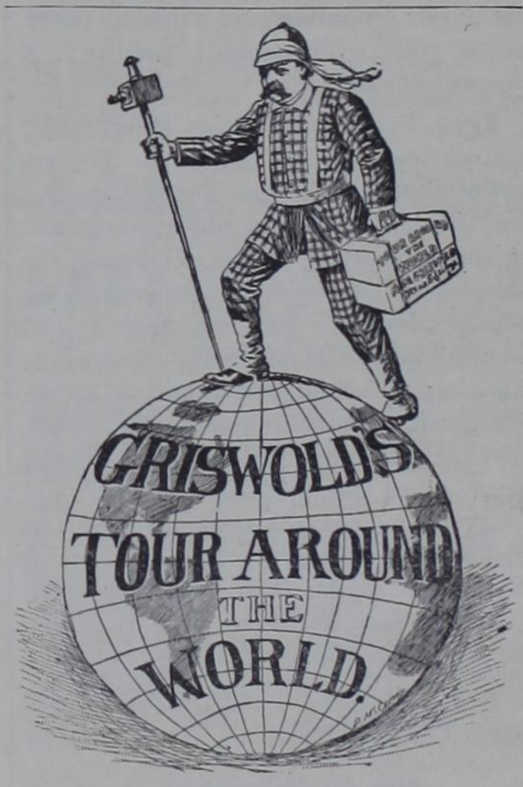
Editor—"Leave out the earthquake."—Munsey's Weekly.

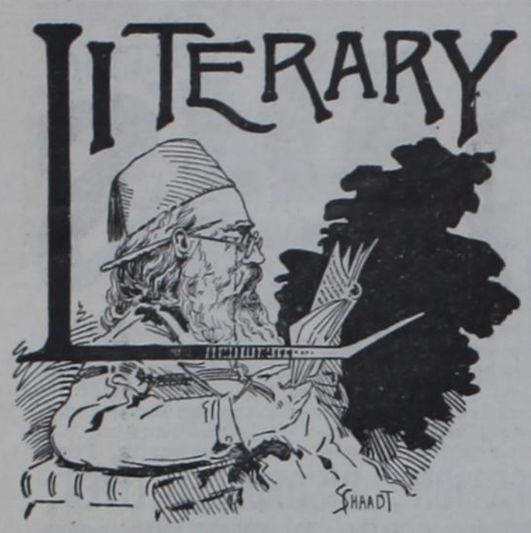
That Explains It.

"Ah, ha!" said the physician, "fifty per cent. less deaths last week than I expected. By the way, how much medicine did I leave?"

"About half as much as usual," replied the attendant.—Life.

People addicted to lingering departures would doubtless be surprised to discover that their long going is often regarded as a shortcoming.—Baltimore American.





D. Appleton & Company have recently issued a Dictionary of New York and its Vicinity. It is a valuable book of reference, embellished with numerous maps and illustrations.

Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Bronte, has been recently published in Spanish by D. Appleton & Company. This book is printed in the same admirable manner as the previous Spanish translations of popular novels, and sells at a low price.

"Brick" Pomeroy's Journey of Life, from birth to the age of 55 years, is as interesting and useful a book for men or boys, as was ever published. It is a book of 251 pages, closely printed, long primer type, each page one-fourth the size of this publication, and contains more matter than is usually found in a $2 book. It tells the story of a very busy, eventful life, that is more than ordinarily filled with experiences and adventures. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address Advance Thought Company, No. 234 Broadway, New York City.

The complete story in Lippincott's Monthly Magazine for April is entitled A Cast for Fortune, by Christian Reid. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Elixir of Life, edited by Julian Hawthorne, has reached its fourth number, and the interest grows. Richard Vaux writes entertainingly of Memories of England. Microcosm is well handled by Frederick Peterson. Wilson Barrett discusses that much discussed personage, Hamlet. Mary E. Blake gives A Word Concerning Physical Training. John S. Young, one of the best of our humorous and satirical poets, has a poem (illustrated) entitled A Woman's Tears.

Eggs, Facts and Fancies about them. D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The author of this work, Anna Barrows, tell us that she had a twofold object in compiling this interesting book—to increase the use of eggs as food, and thus increase their production. She has begun with the mythology and superstitions of eggs, following with Easter customs since the fourteenth century to the present time; tells us the romances associated with them; gives commercial statistics and numerous recipes for cooking eggs, and finishes with telling how the Chinese employ andeat eggs, their ideas differing very materially from the general in this respect. They fancy that eggs improve with age, and one of their rare delicacies is half hatched eggs.

Not for Publication.

Rev. Charles Poundtext (who has been writing his sermon, looking up suddenly)—"Maria, will you take the children out of the room for a few minutes?"

Mrs. Poundtext (in surprise)—"Certainly, my dear. But—are they annoying you?"

Rev. Poundtext—"Not at all; but I have just dipped the mucilage brush in the ink-well, and I would like to be at liberty to make a few remarks."—Life.

How They Do It in Omaha.

Miss Tillie Humpart, of Omaha, Neb., is a young woman who avenges a slight in a slashing Western way. At a ball a few nights ago she honored a young man named Williams with a couple of dances, and the youth presumed upon this privilege to the extent of making some rather frothy speeches to his friends about Tillie. The maid was wroth. She confided her wrongs to her uncle, Mr. John Audrid, a burly gentleman who keeps a grocery store and takes dumb-bell exercise. Uncle Audrid sent a note to Williams, inviting him in pleasant terms to call on him at his store. Unsuspectingly enough, Williams complied, and when once fairly inside, was pounced upon by the fair Tillie, who pounded him over the head with a cane until he begged her to quit. She did so when she was tired out, and then Uncle Audrid took a hand and punched the offender a couple of times. The spectators applauded loudly, and the meteoric social career of Mr. Williams will be curtailed until he succeeds in doctoring his countenance into a presentable shape.—Chicago Journal.

Sensational Journalism.

And now the above line of thought brings me easily and naturally to the subject of sensational journalism. It is not that I am going to object to the newspapers printing sensational news, but I do object, and I believe the great public is with me, to the heartless, flippant way in which matter of that kind is usually written. The editor doesn't care that there are those whose hearts are wrung by the publication of a scandal concerning one dear to them; and no home circle is so sacred that he will not invade its precincts and hound its inmates for the fullest details that can have even the remotest bearing on the case. When a man high in official place and with a host of social connections goes wrong, it is certainly enough for the newspapers to print that fact without sending reporters to interview all his relatives, including his sorrowful and heart-broken wife, to get a lot of details about his private life, and other matters in which the public has no interest; or, at any rate, has no business to know. As a newspaper man, I am free to admit that I have gone on errands of this nature, on an assignment from the city editor, where, if I had been bodily thrown out of the house for an unwarranted intrusion into matters of no public concern, I certainly would not have resented it, but acknowledged the justice of the act. I believe it is a mistaken idea among enterprising editors that the public is crazy for sensational reading. Do respectable parents want such stuff paraded daily before their families? Do they want their children to pore daily over the shocking and disgusting details of a salacious divorce case? I think not. The fact is, brother editors, the public takes this stuff because you give it to them, but they do not want it in the way in which it is now served. You doubt it? Well, pluck up your courage and try giving to your patrons a clean daily paper, void of sensational features, and see if the patrons that stay with you, both in character and numbers, are not well worth the having. The reader who buys your paper when you have a big sensational article will not buy it when you haven't. He is your transient customer; but the man of family, who has it delivered regularly at his house, is the man who is worth most to you as a patron. And that man, even if he be not a paragon of virtue himself, is apt to be a little bit particular as to the kind of reading matter he places before his children. Is it not high time for a change in newspaper methods?—Ed R. Pritchard, in Arkansaw Traveler.

The Way She Surprised Him.

His wagon was heavily loaded and it stuck in the mud. He pulled, he twisted, he beat the horses, he roundly swore. He did everything he could think of, but most of all, he beat the horses. He was aware that two women were watching him, and presently one of them came wading out through the mud straight toward him.

"Now, hyur comes one o' them 'prevention o' cruelty t' animals' fiends," he reflected, "an' 'f I don't give 'er th' biggest piece o' my mind she ever saw, then my name haint McGintry! It's high time these 'ere females was set down on, an' I'm a-goin' ter show ye how to do it."

He stuck the rail, with which he had been inviting the horses to proceed, into the mud, folded his arms and faced the enemy.

"Now, look-ee 'ere, miss," he began, threateningly, "I don't want none o' yer preachin'. Thet wagon's stuck 'n thet mud, 'n this fence rail 's a goin' to lam them horses till they pull 't out, 'f it takes till sundown, 'n' all the preachin' you er any other female c'n do haint a-goin' to pervent it!"

The lady smiled. "I was going to suggest," she said, producing a stout hickory, "that I should whip the horses with this while you pried the wheel with the rail. It will not hurt the wheel so much as it does the horses, and will do more good."

"Y'u cud a-knocked me down 'ith a feather," he said, when he was telling it to "the boys." "W'y, she was a whole s'ciety fer th' prevention o' cruelty to animals, herself."—West Shore.

MANY people believe that in disposing of their lands to the Government the Sioux have committed Siouxicide.—Boston Herald.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

"THAR' WAS JIM."

Wildest boy in all the village,
Up to every wicked lark,
Happy at a chance to pillage
Melon patches in the dark;
Seemed a 'tarnal mischief breeder,
Fur in every wicked whim,
Put your hand upon the leader,
Thar' was Jim.

He was eighteen w'en the summons
Come for Union volunteers,
An' the fifin's an' the drummins,
An' the paterotic cheers,
Made us with excitement dance, sir,
Even ol' men, staid an' prim,
An' among the fust to answer,
Thar' was Jim.

One day we'n the gin'ral wanted
Volunteers, to charge a place
Whar' the rebel banners flaunted
Imperdently in our face,
Seemed as though the cannon's bellers
Had no skeerishness for him,
Fur among the foremost fellers,
Thar' was Jim.

How we cheered 'em at the startin'
On the fearful charge they made,
Though it seemed that death was sartin
In that orful ambuscade.
Once the smoke riz up, a showin'
Them as up the hill they clim,
An' ahead, an' still agoin',
Thar' was Jim.

"Git thar?" Wal, yer jest a screamin'—
Nothin' could 'a stopped them men—
Each one seemed a howlin' demon
Chargin' on a fiery den.
Purty tough w'en next I found him,
Fur with face all black an' grim,
Dead, with dead men all around him,
Thar' was Jim.

Friend o' mine? I reckon, sorter;
Met him first one winter night—
Lord! but wa'n't that storm a snorter,
W'en I went fur Doctor White.
W'en I heerd my wife a pleadin'
Me to come an' look at him,
Layin' in her arms a feedin',
Thar' was Jim.

—Capt. Jack Crawford, in the Clipper.

A CRADLE SONG FOR FATHERS.

Hush, my baby, don't you cry;
Mamma's coming by and by.

She has gone a-shopping, dear;
Do not cry, for papa's here.

Mamma's just gone down the street;
Gone to match a ribbon, sweet.

Shopping days are dreadful days;
Mamma hates 'em (so she says).

'Tis so tiresome turning o'er
Fabrics in a dry-goods store.

Ladies do not like to shop;
They at home would rather stop.

And they're always grieved, I know,
When they must a shopping go.

Do not fret, my little one;
She'll return by set of sun,
(So it is to be supposed)
For the stores will then be closed.

—Boston Courier.

A Marvelous Escape.

"It was in 1882, on the 27th of June; you will see why I have no trouble in remembering the date.

"It had been an exceedingly hot day, not a cloud to be seen, with the sun beating fiercely down, and not a breath of air stirring. We sat out on the porch after supper, trying to find a cool place. The clouds were beginning to gather, and it looked as if there might be a shower. The three little ones went early to bed, and in spite of the oppressive heat were soon fast asleep.

"It couldn't have been far from eight o'clock when I heard a sound which I first thought was thunder. The others noticed it, too, and, as it grew louder, a terrible rushing sound came with it, and we looked at one another in silence for a minute, and then ran to where we could look out westward.

"My heart almost stopped beating, when I saw coming toward us with terrific speed a black, funnel-shaped cloud, the rush and roar accompanying it growing louder every minute.

"'Run for the celler!' I cried. My wife ran and seized the baby, and I caught up the two other children from the bed. There was no time to lose.

"The one who first reached the cellar-door—it was one of the older children—had just time to seize the knob, nothing more, when — crash! such a terrific noise! I felt myself lifted in the air, and thought my time had come. The next thing I knew, I felt the splash of cold water in my face. I must have lost consciousness, but the water revived me, and in a moment I knew where I was.

"I had come down head first into the well!

"The water was some ten feet deep. I was thoroughly at home in the water, though I wasn't used to diving in that fashion, and I managed to right myself and come up head first.

"The well was not more than three feet across, and the pump had been broken short off and carried away, leaving a two-inch iron pipe standing straight up in the middle.

"I was very nearly out of breath when I came to the top of the water. My hands touched something floating on the surface. I thought it was the cat; imagine my surprise when I found it was Charlie, our five-year-old boy!

"He was terribly frightened, and as amazed as I was, to find himself not alone in the well. The wonder was that we were not both of us impaled on that iron pipe; how we escaped it I cannot understand.

"The cyclone had passed on, and a terrific, steady wind was blowing. I could hear it roar above our heads; and by the flashes of lightning I could see that rain fell in torrents. We were both so wet we didn't mind the little extra water that splashed down on us, and as soon as possible I raised Charlie to my shoulders, and by the aid of the pipe managed to work my way up to the top of the well. This took some little time, and the wind and rain had nearly ceased when I set my feet on solid earth again, and found we were unhurt."—St. Nicholas.

Irrigation in the West.

Maj. J. W. Powell, the Director of the United States Geological Survey, contributes an article to the March Century on "Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region," from which we quote the following:

"The Snake or Shoshone River heads in the great forest-clad mountains of Wyoming and runs across the line into Idaho, then passes across the Territory until it becomes the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon. Passing the notheastern corner of the last-mentioned State, it enters the State of Washington, and runs westward for a long reach until it debouches into the Columbia. The Shoshone River is one of great volume, second only to the Colorado. Reservoir sites along its course in Wyoming and Idaho have already been revealed by the surveys, and it is shown that in the upper region water can be stored to an amount of more than 2,000,000 acre feet. This will irrigate at the first usage at least 2,000,000 acres of land; and if they be properly selected, so that the waters can be collected again and again after serving the land, the area redeemed will be more than 4,000,000 acres. There are many other tributaries below that have not yet been examined, and it is safe to say that the waters of the Shoshone with its tributaries may ultimately serve from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres. In its utilization three classes of problems are involved. If the waters are taken out in small canals near to the river, and the lowlands served first, and prior rights and interests established on such lands, then but a small part of the stream can be used, and the greater part will run away to the Pacific ocean; and subsequently the region of irrigation can be enlarged only by buying out vested water-rights scattered along the course of the river. But if at the very beginning the water can be taken out high up the river and carried in great canals to either side and there distributed to the higher lands, and used over and over again on its return, a complete utilization can be secured, and the cost of the construction of the system of irrigation by reservoirs and canals will be greatly reduced per acre. To irrigate 2,000,000 acres of land near to the river by short canals taken out along its course here and there will cost more than half as much as the construction of hydraulic works that will serve from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000; while the scattered minor works will be forever subject to destruction by the floods, and the agriculture secured will be of less value per acre, because the best lands will not be served, and only imperfect drainage will be secured."

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Poetry Editor—"Well, there's this to be said about the poet—"

Managing Editor—"Nothing good."

"Well, he never pawns his overcoat."

"No?"

"Certainly not; he never has one to pawn."—Boston Courier.

Is it the stone ballast that makes a boat rock?—Hotel Gazette.

Some of the numerous deadlocks ought to be buried.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The brass-band man is always ready to go out on a little toot.—New Orleans Picayune.

The pig who gets into clover thinks the sward mightier than the pen.—Chicago Sun.

The confectioner is the fellow who can be relied upon for candied criticism.—Rochester Post.

The ship of state in Russia gets considerable knocking about by the serf.—Boston Herald.

The new two-cent stamp is smaller than the old one and easier to lick.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A contemporary advocates sparrow pie. The sparer the better for health.—Richmond Dispatch.

The conjunction of Jupiter and Venus may be spoken of as a star engagement.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

An exchange speaks of a wide-awake pie dealer. That's the trouble with most pie.—Yonkers Statesman.

When it comes to a question of staying qualities the undertaker can lay 'em all out.—Binghamton Leader.

There is not necessarily anything extra about an extra pair of pants. This is official.—Oil City Blizzard.

The potato is said to be deteriorating, but it made many a mash in its better days.—Terre Haute Express.

Woman's hand may be pale and delicate, but she can pick up a hotter plate than a man.—Atchison Globe.

When an indifferent player joins a base-ball team as a short stop he doesn't stop long.—Binghamton Leader.

It is something of a blow to an infant industry to prevent the baby from sucking its thumb.—Washington Post.

When a vessel hugs the shore, what follows? Why, a little smack on the beach, to be sure.—Baltimore American.

Strange that when anything or anybody is to be cried down it is generally done with an uproar.—Baltimore American.

The French duelist who swallowed poison upon the throw of the dice may truly be said to have died on the spot.—Times.

The Secretary of the Tennessee Wheel proved dishonest, but the other felloes are doubtless all right.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Some things have gone about as far as they can go," says Rev. Sam Jones. The globe-trotters, for instance.—Philadelphia Record.

This heated controversy over the National flower might as well be stopped at once by the adoption of Roswell P.—Indianapolis Journal.

An exchange calls love "a species of intoxication." Perhaps that is why the course of true love is so often arrested.—Philadelphia Press.

An exchange states apropos of the race issue: "The black man is prejudiced, too." Of course; do you expect him to be fair?—Philadelphia Press.

The Boy and Phonograph.

Edison has perfected his phonograph.

The first phonograph he exhibited was regarded as a wonderful scientific discovery, but it was of no practical value. It would absorb the notes of a one-thousand-dollar-a-night prima donna, and when they were reproduced they sounded about as musical as the strident notes of a seventeen-year locust announcing its regular annual arrival. The perfected phonograph, however, promises to become an important factor in the business world. A Congressional discussion on the tariff can be preserved and reproduced a century hence to show our children's children the brand of horror they escaped by not being born in the year 1888.

But the thonograph is also capable of wrecking young lives, when left lying around loose within the reach of the small, bad boy.

William S. Lowe had been courting Miss Mamie Bontong nearly two years, and when Mamie's mother insinuated that it was about time Willie had screwed his courage up to the "popping" point, the daughter protested:

"But, ma, Willie is so awfully bashful, you know. I think he loves me, but he's afraid to propose."

"Well," responded the experienced mother, "this is leap year, and you should encourge him. A young woman's wit should come to her assistance at such a critical period."

Her mother's words set Mamie to pondering. It was not long before she hit upon a scheme. A newspaper description of the perfected phonograph suggested the idea. Mamie procured one of the wonderful instruments and took it to her room. Then she seated herself beside it and soliloquized thusly:

"I can't understand why Willie don't propose. I wish he wasn't so very bashful. He must know that I love him dearly. Perhaps if he knew that pa and ma would cheerfully give their consent, he'd ask the vital question to-night."

The phonograph recorded each word she uttered in exact intonation and articulation.

When Mr. Lowe called a few hours later he found the instrument on the parlor table. He examined it critically and asked Mamie if it was loaded.

The ingenuous girl replied, as the color in her cheeks became a deeper pink, that she had a little talk with it in the afternoon, but she wouldn't have him know what she said for worlds.

Then she suddenly said, as if she had forgotten something, "Oh, excuse me, I'll return in a minute," and swept out of the room.

When William found himself alone, he resolved to do what any young man would have done under similar circumstances. He determined to reproduce Mamie's afternoon "talk."

Of course Mamie was not aware that her mischievous brother, Bob, aged 14 years, had fooled with the phonograph after she had "set it" to capture Mr. Lowe.

When Bob, by chance, saw the machine in the parlor he said he was "bound to see how the old thing worked," and there being no one present to interfere he soon mastered its secret. Bob was a lover of the national game, and terribly addicted to slang. When he heard Mamie's words pronounced, he chuckled:

"Aha! I catch on to sis' little game. I've heard about this phonygraf arrangement. This taffy was intended for the ears of Bill Lowe. I don't like Bill. He won't talk base-ball, and he never carries any cigarettes. He's been hanging around this palatial shanty long enough. He's got no sand, and I'll put him out on a foul. I'll give him a dose that'll fill him with the green-eyed lobster, you bet."

Then he put his mouth close to the phone and carried on an imaginary conversation between a couple of lovers, making a peculiar sound with his lips at brief intervals.

"There!" said the bad boy, as he stole silently out of the room, "I guess that'll settle him."

And it did!

In place of Mamie's sweet words, the following gushing dialogue greeted William's astonished ears:

"Mamie, I can conceal my feelings no longer. I love you to distraction." Smack!

"I love you, too, dear Charlie," Smack! Smack!

"Then you care nothing for that Lowe fellow who has been coming here so long?" Smack! Smack! Smack!

"No; I detest him. At one time I thought I liked him, but his visits now make me tired." Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"You dear"—Smack!—"darling, precious"—Smack!—"Mamie, I don't deserve so"—Smack!—"much hap"—Smack!—"piness. My own,"—Smack!—"ownest Mamie. I could hold you in"—Smack!—these arms forev——"

William dropped the handle and cried in tones of anguish:

"This is agony! I can hear no more! Farewell, false one, and forever!"

When Mamie returned to the parlor her sweet William was gone, and she never saw him again.—J. H. Williams in Sunshine.

The Pioneer of Locomotive Driving in the United States.

There walked into the office yesterday afternoon a man whose name is associated with one of the greatest landmarks of civilization. He is known as Capt. Jack Lawson, and when George Stephenson's Rocket won the prize in the great locomotive competition on the Liverpool & Manchester railway, beating the Sanspariel and the late Mr. Ericsson's Novelty, he stood on the winning engine's foot-board.

Not only that, but when the first locomotive brought from England came over for the Baltimore & Susquehanna road, in 1831, Mr. Lawson came over with her and ran her on the twelve miles which were all the completed portion of that road. From Baltimore to Green Springs was the run, and a Mr. Winchester was president of the road. A year later Mr. Lawson ran a new engine on the road built from Tuscumbia to Decatur, Ala., in order to get round the Mussel shoals of the Tennessee river. This engine, like the Harold, used on the Baltimore road, was built by the Stephensons, and had four wheels, the drivers being connected outside. The cow-catcher and trucks were put on after she got to America, and Mr. Lawson claims that the first pair of trucks ever put under any locomotive were those he put under the old "Harold." As for the road, it had strap rails on stringer and was a decidedly primitive affair.

After some time in Alabama Mr. Lawson took to the river. He has been engineer on nearly every well known floating palace of the West, his career as steamboat engineer beginning with the old Brighton and extending over fifty years. He is now eighty-one years old, and his wife is seventy-four. They have been married fifty-seven years. Capt. Lawson lives in Paducah, Ky., and was up on an excursion to see his old friend, Capt. H. C. West, among other things.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That Explained It.

At the New York hospital. Surgeon—"What brought you to this dreadful condition? Were you run over by a street car?"

Patient—"No, sir; I fainted, and was brought to by a member of the Society of First Aid to the Injured."—Life.

An old lady was made to cry bitterly the other day because some bad boys stoned her cats. She said they hurt her felines.—Richmond Dispatch.